THE MUSIC TO

The ACHARNIANS of ARISTOPHANES

AS WRITTEN FOR PERFORMANCE BY THE
OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC SOCIETY
1914

BY

C. HUBERT H. PARRY.

WITH AN ENGLISH VERSION OF THE CHORUSES

PRICE 3/- NET.

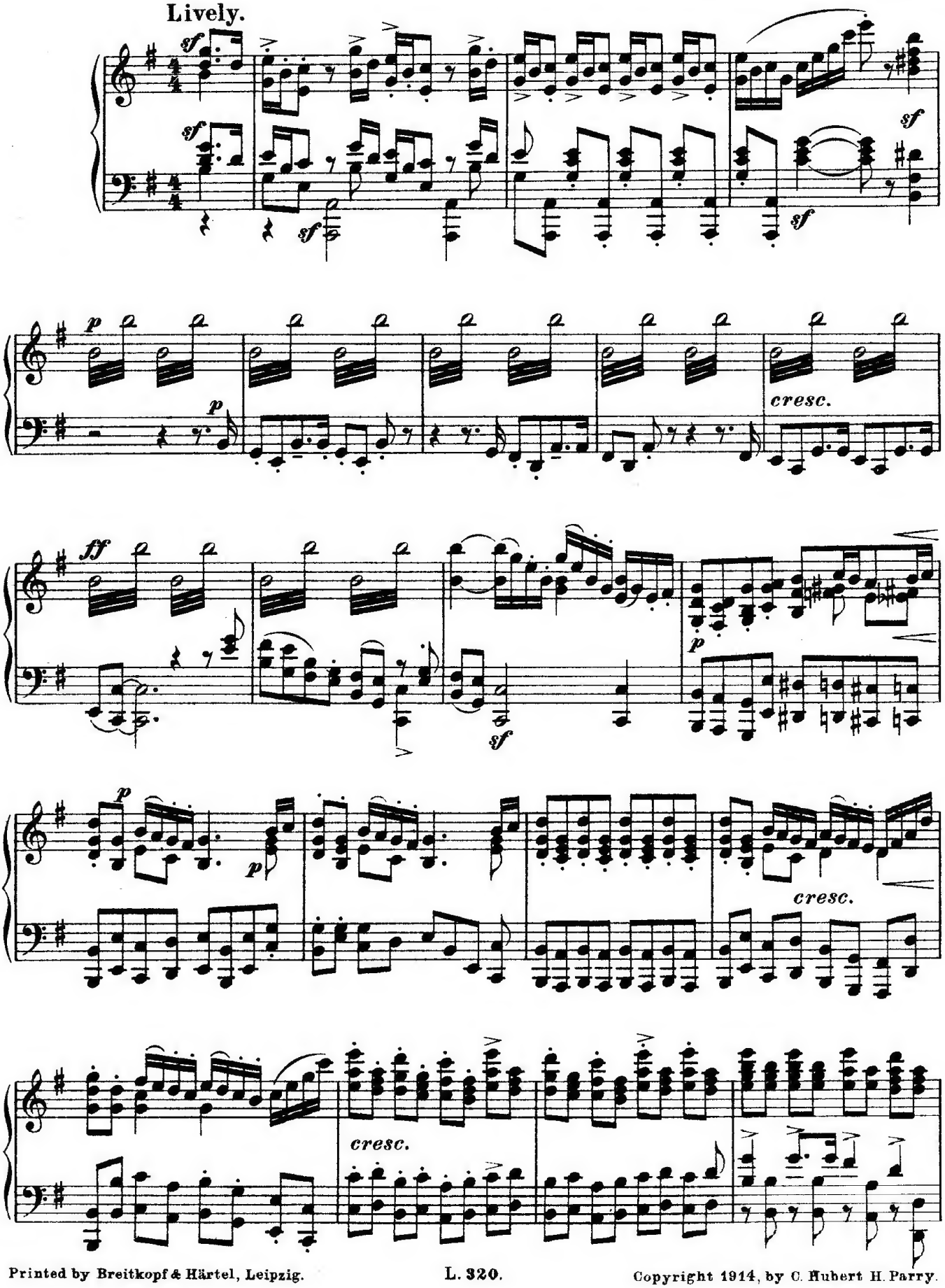
BREITKOPF & HÄRTEL
BEAR BUILDING
54 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON W.
ALSO AT
LEIPZIG – BERLIN – BRUSSELS – NEW YORK

CONTENTS

		Pag.
1.	PRELUDE. War and Peace	1
2.	INTERMEZZO. Ancient grudges	9
3.	CHORUS. "This way, this, my friends". τῇδε πᾶς ἕπου	15
4.	CHORUS. "Come, do what you can". τί οὖν οὐ λέγεις	21
5.	CHORUS. "Why wriggle and fuss". τί ταῦτα στρέφει	23
6.	CHORUS. "How will it all end?" τί δράσεις; τί φήσεις;	25
7.	CHORUS. "What's this, you bare faced knave". ἄληθες, ὠπίτριπτε.	27
8.	CHORUS. "Our friend's quite right". ἀνὴρ νικᾷ τοῖσι λόγοισιν. . .	32
9.	INTERMEZZO. The little pigs Minuet	49
10.	CHORUS. "How fortunate our friend is". εὐδαιμονεῖ γ' ἄνθρωπος .	53
11.	CHORUS AND SOLI. "Now pack him up". ἔνδησον ὦ βέλτιστε .	58
12.	CHORUS. "You have seen". εἶδες, ὦ εἶδες	62
13.	CHORUS. (a) "For such good sense". ζηλῶ σε τῆς εὐβουλίας . . .	70
	(b) "You see with what an air". ἤκουσας ὡς μαγειρικῶς.	70
	(c) "He's found what sweets". ἀνὴρ ἀνηύρηκέν τι. . . .	71
	(d) "Look out, you'll kill the passers-by". ἀποκτενεῖς λιμῷ	71
14.	CHORUS. "Take my blessing". ἴτε δὴ χαίροντες.	72
15.	CHORUS AND SOLI. "Woe is me". ἀτταταῖ, ἀτταταῖ	77

I Overture.

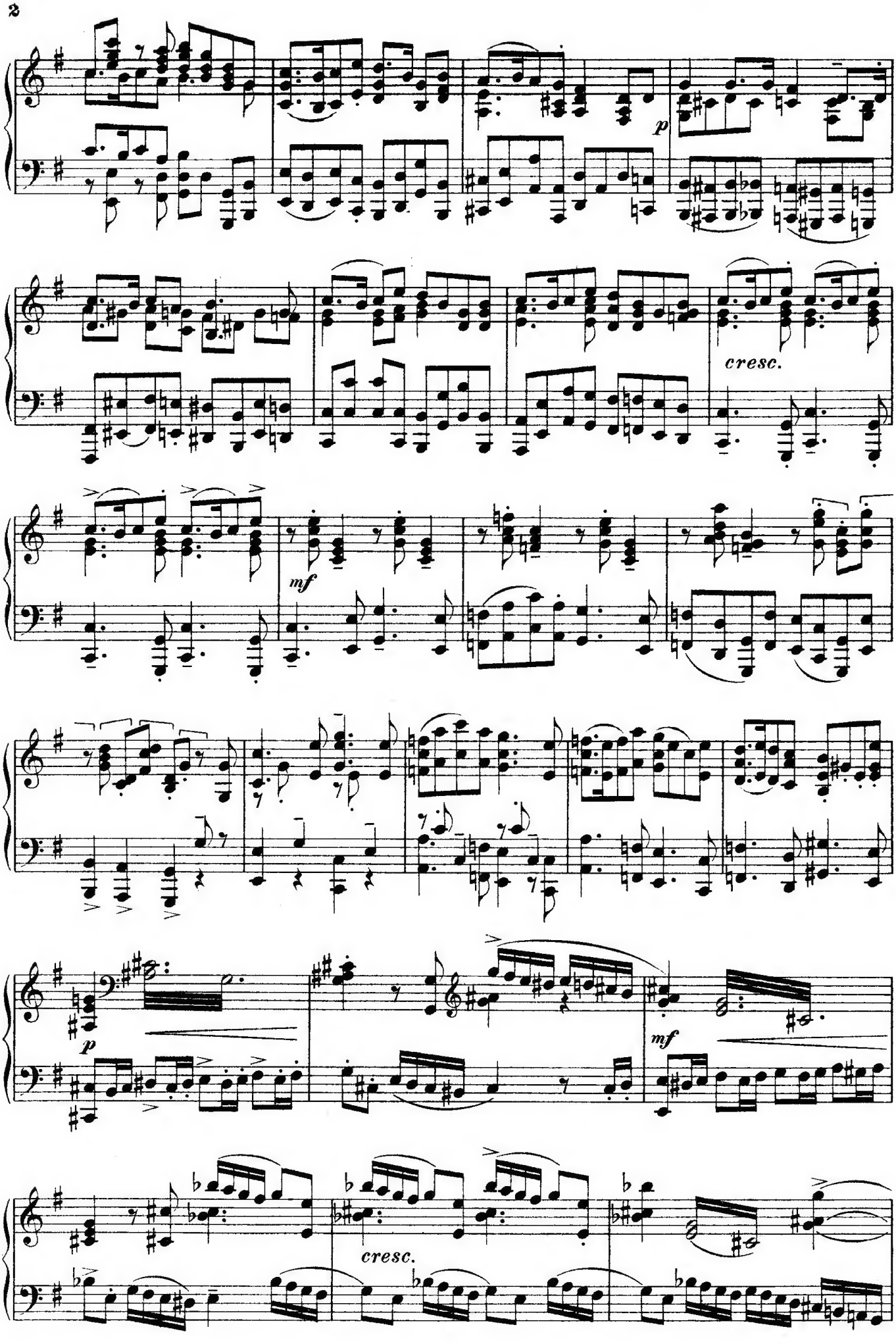
C. Hubert H. Parry.

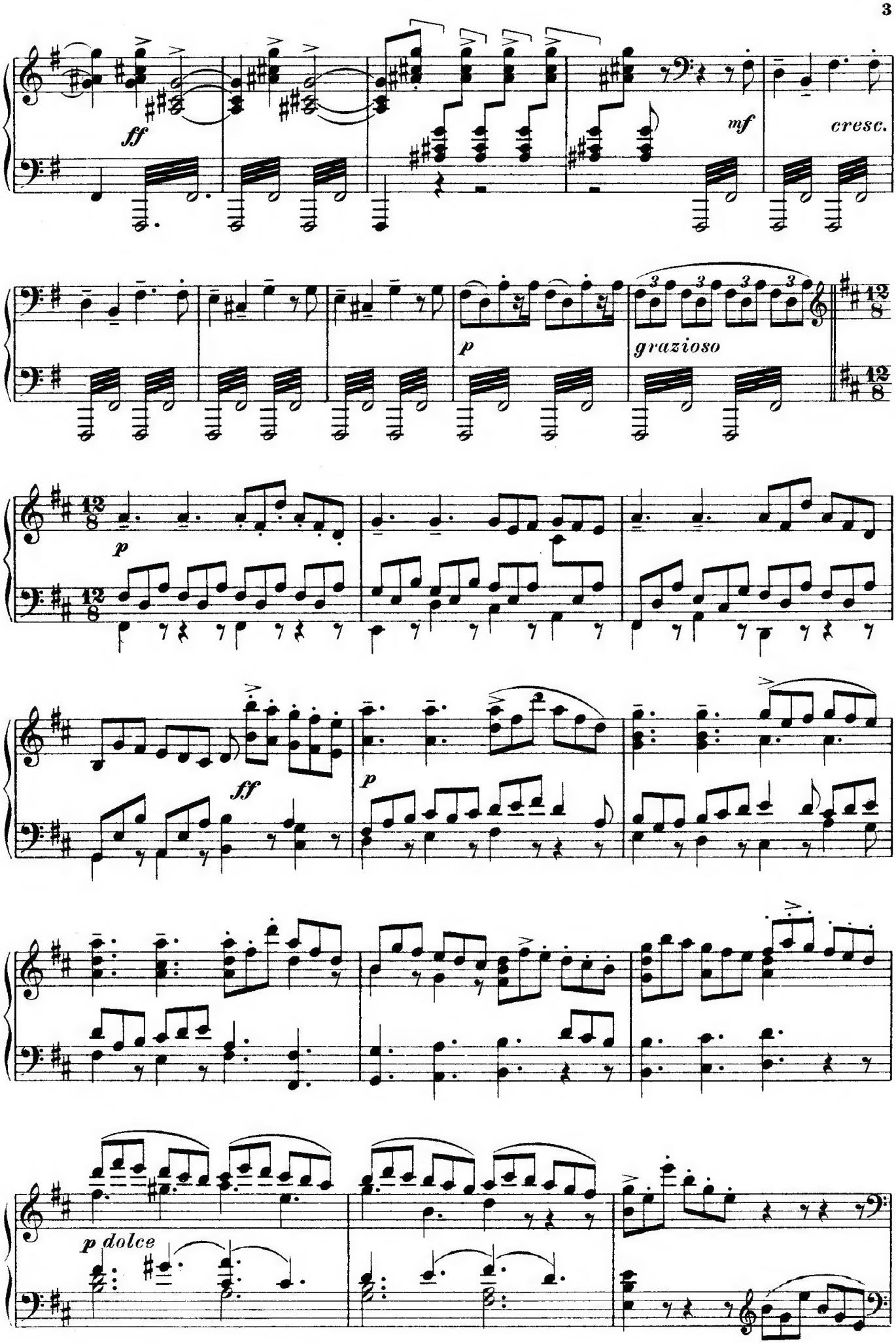


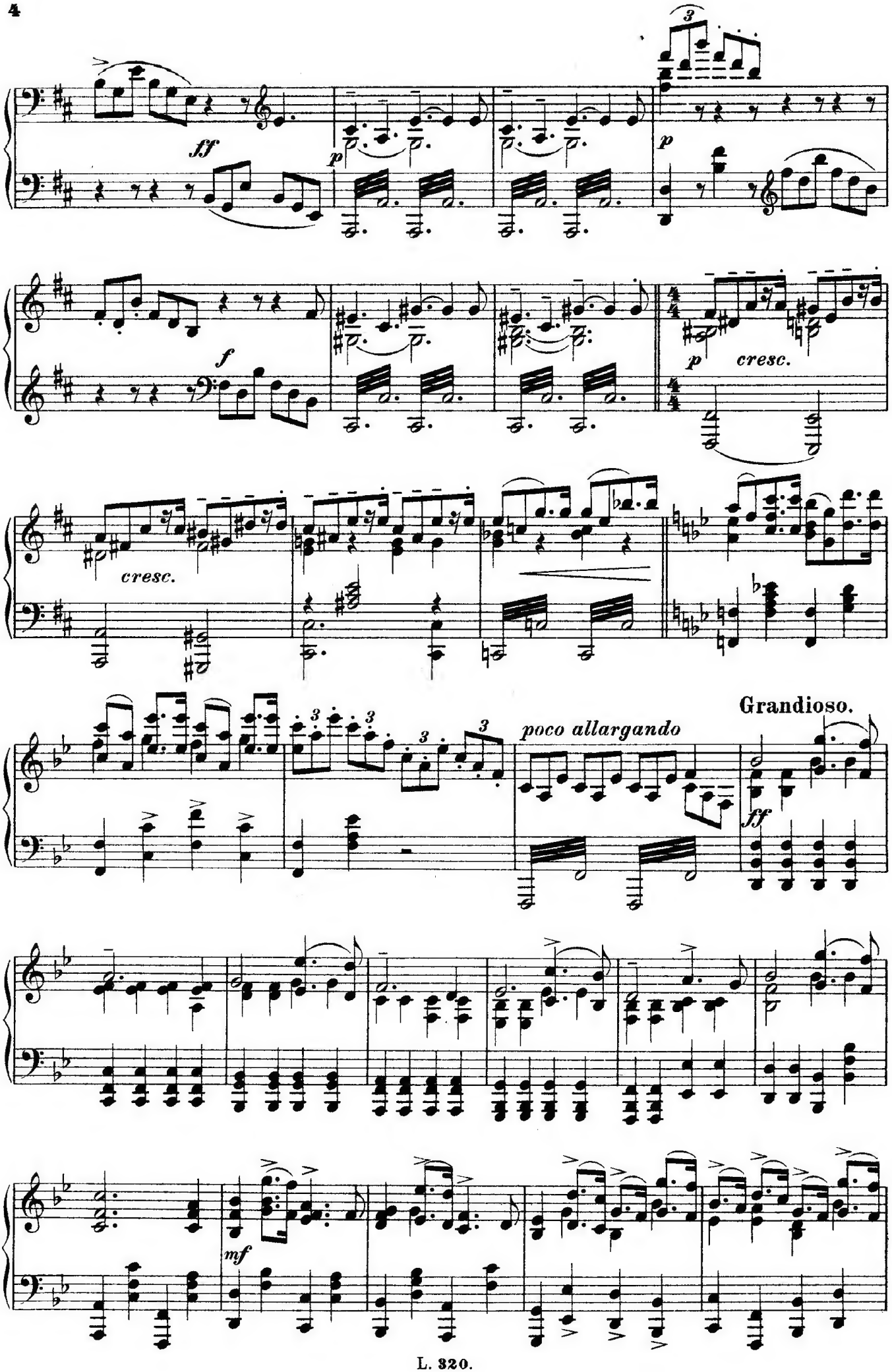
Printed by Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig.

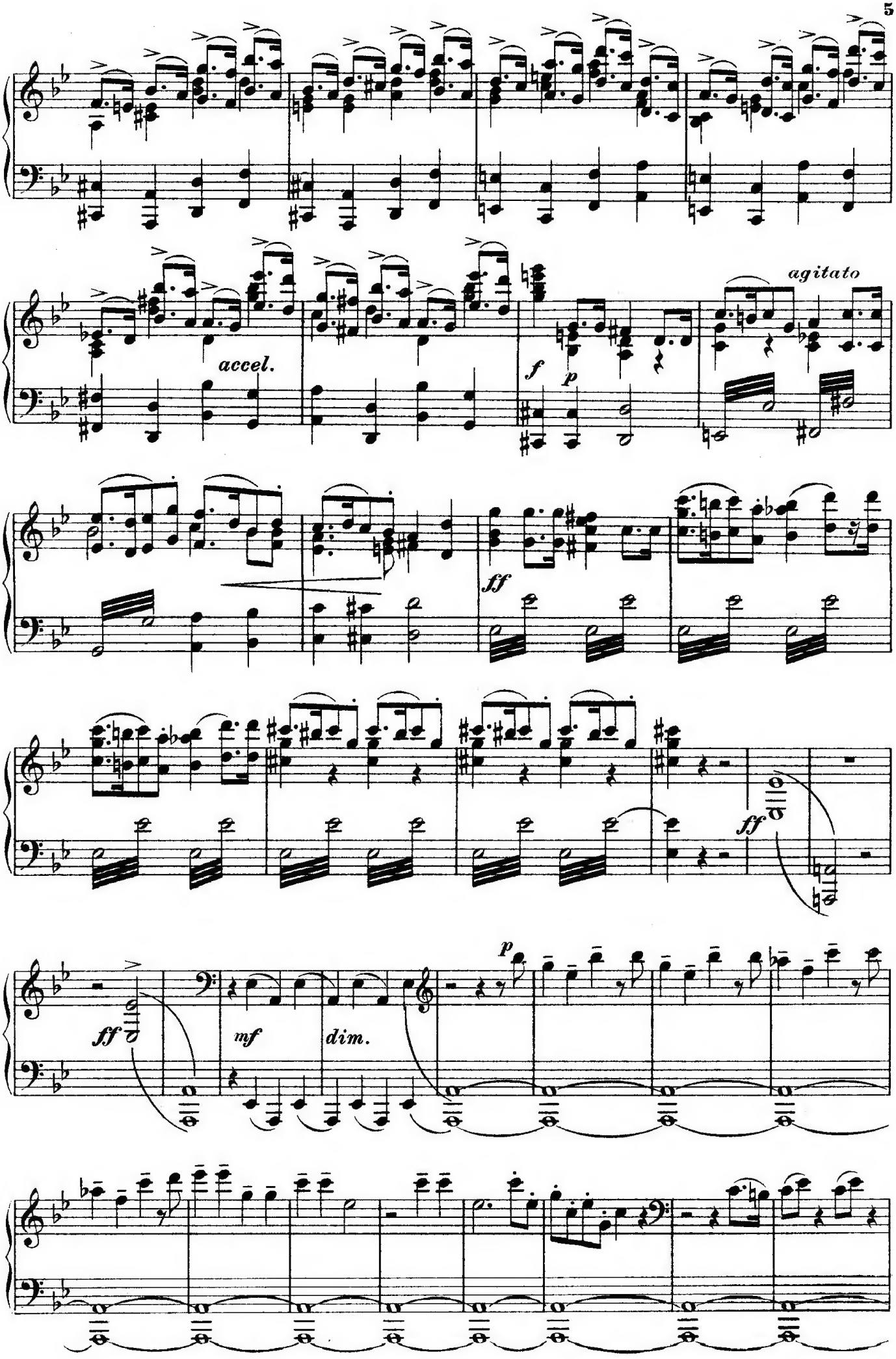
L. 320.

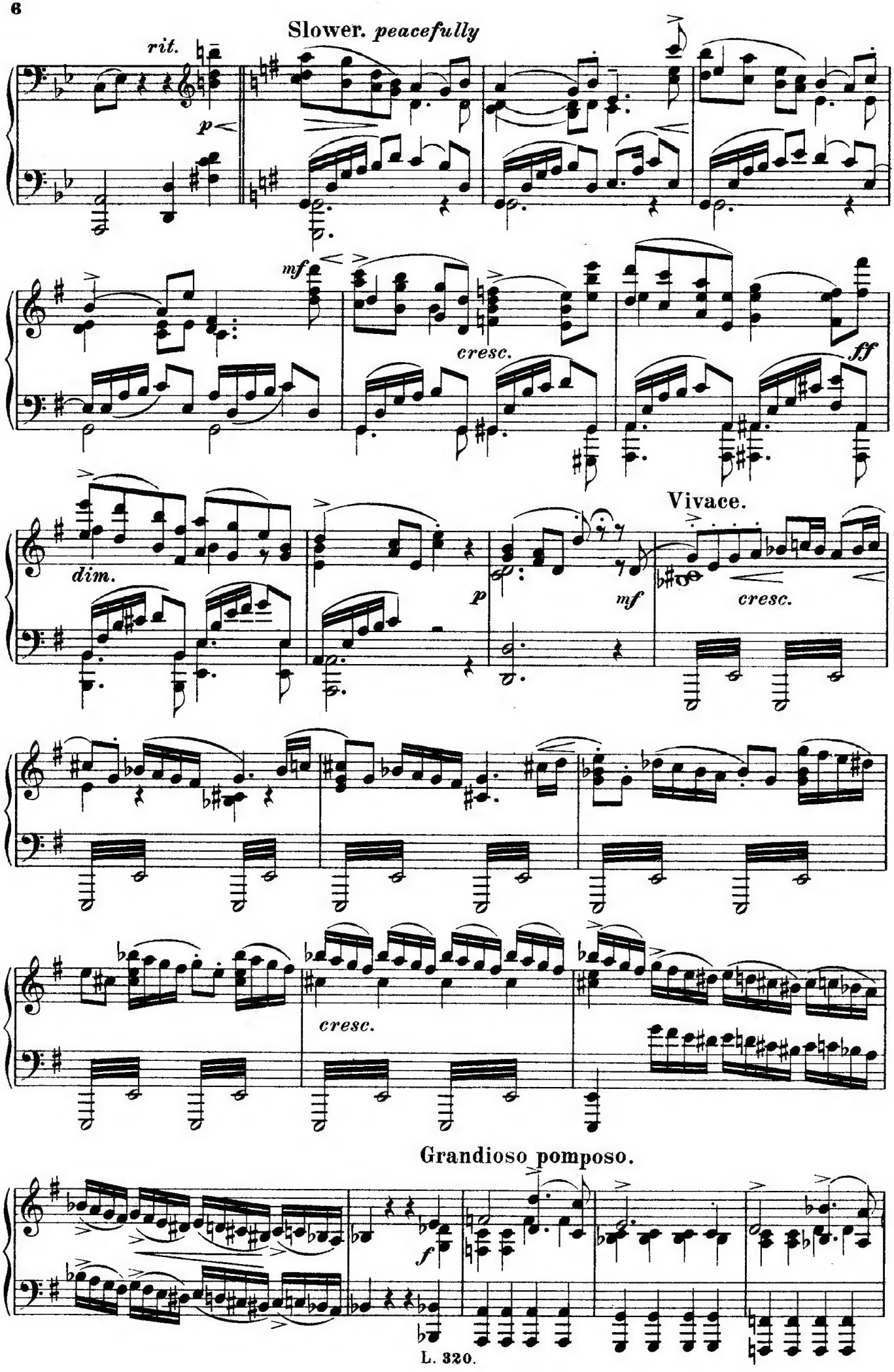
Copyright 1914, by C. Hubert H. Parry.

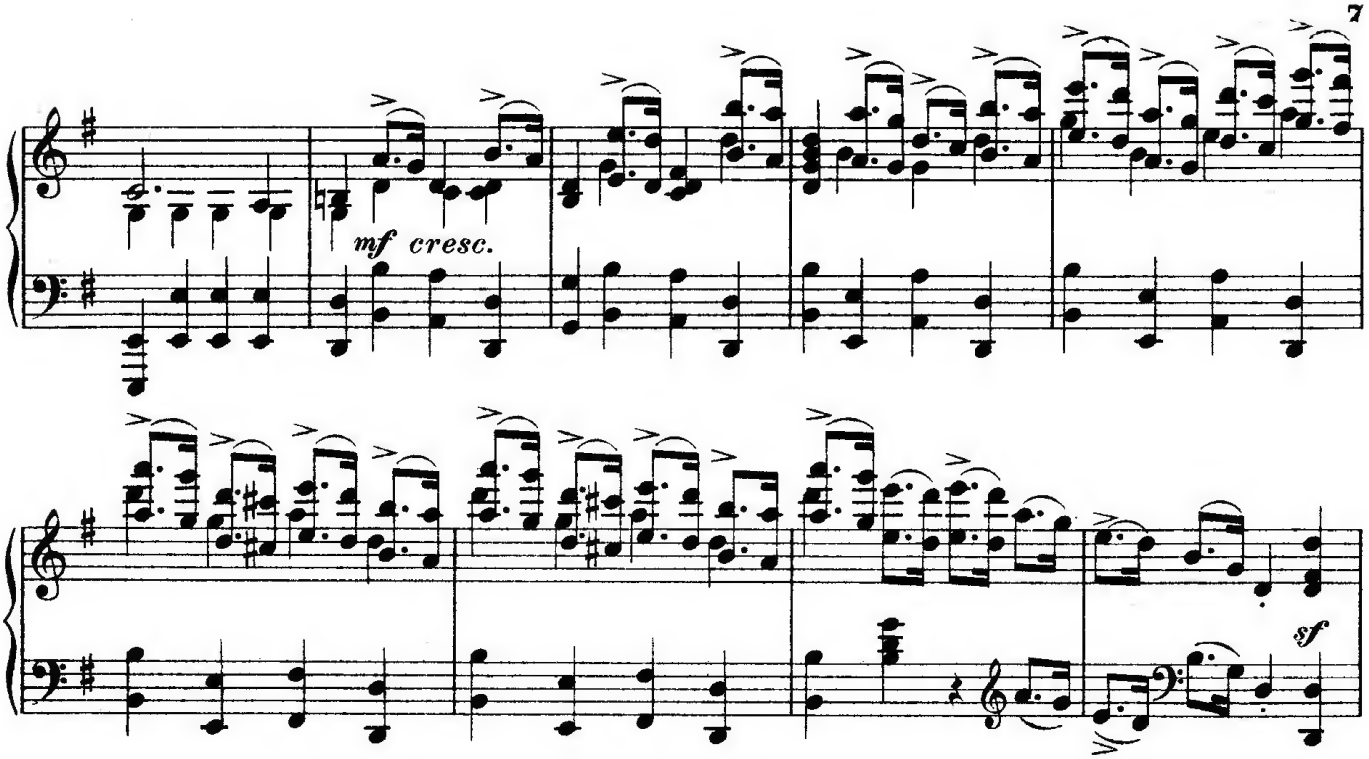

p
cresc.
mf
p
mf
cresc.


ff
mf
cresc.
p
grazioso
12/8
p
ff
p
p dolce

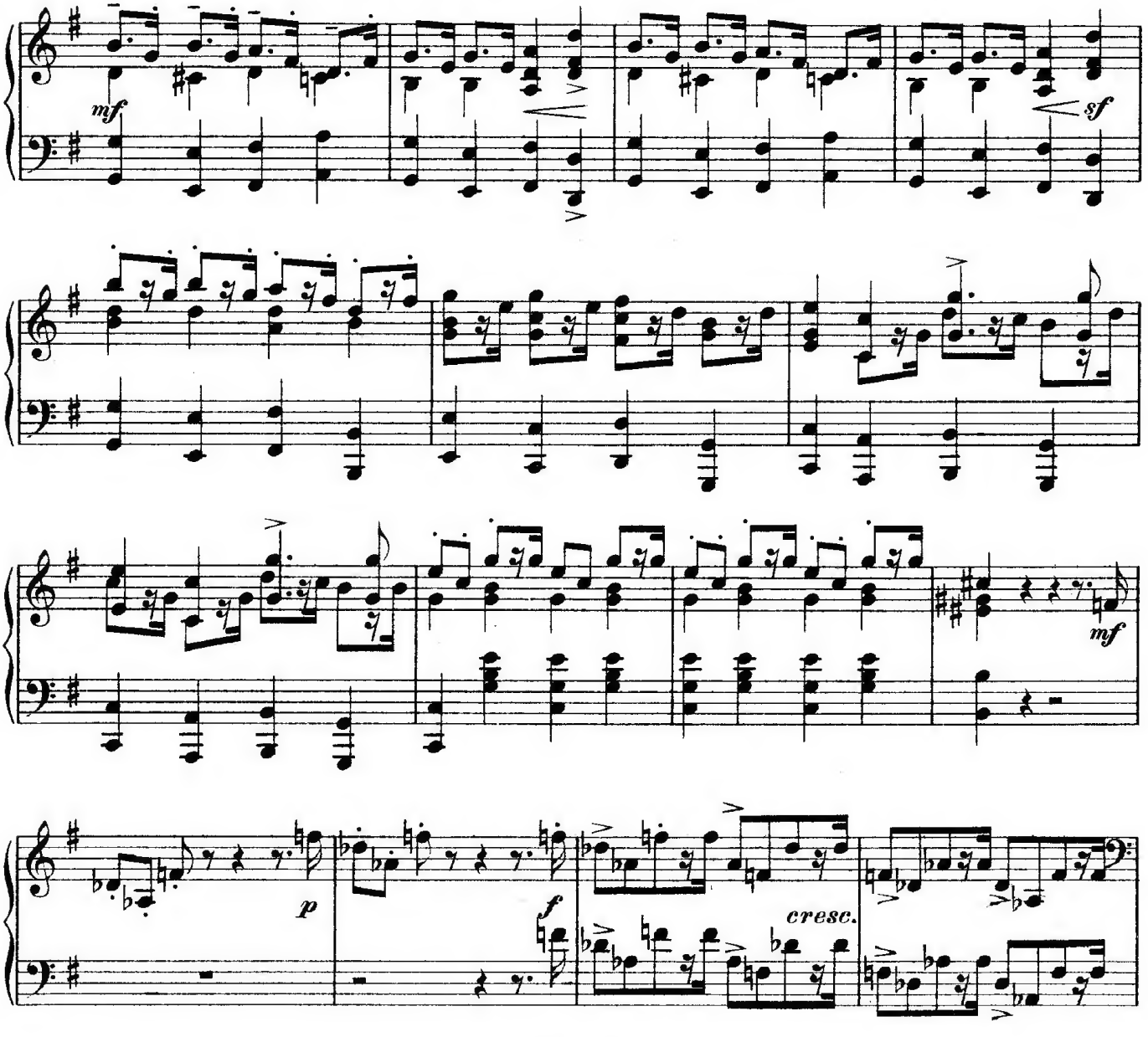

ff
p
p
f
p
cresc.
cresc.
poco allargando
Grandioso.
ff
mf

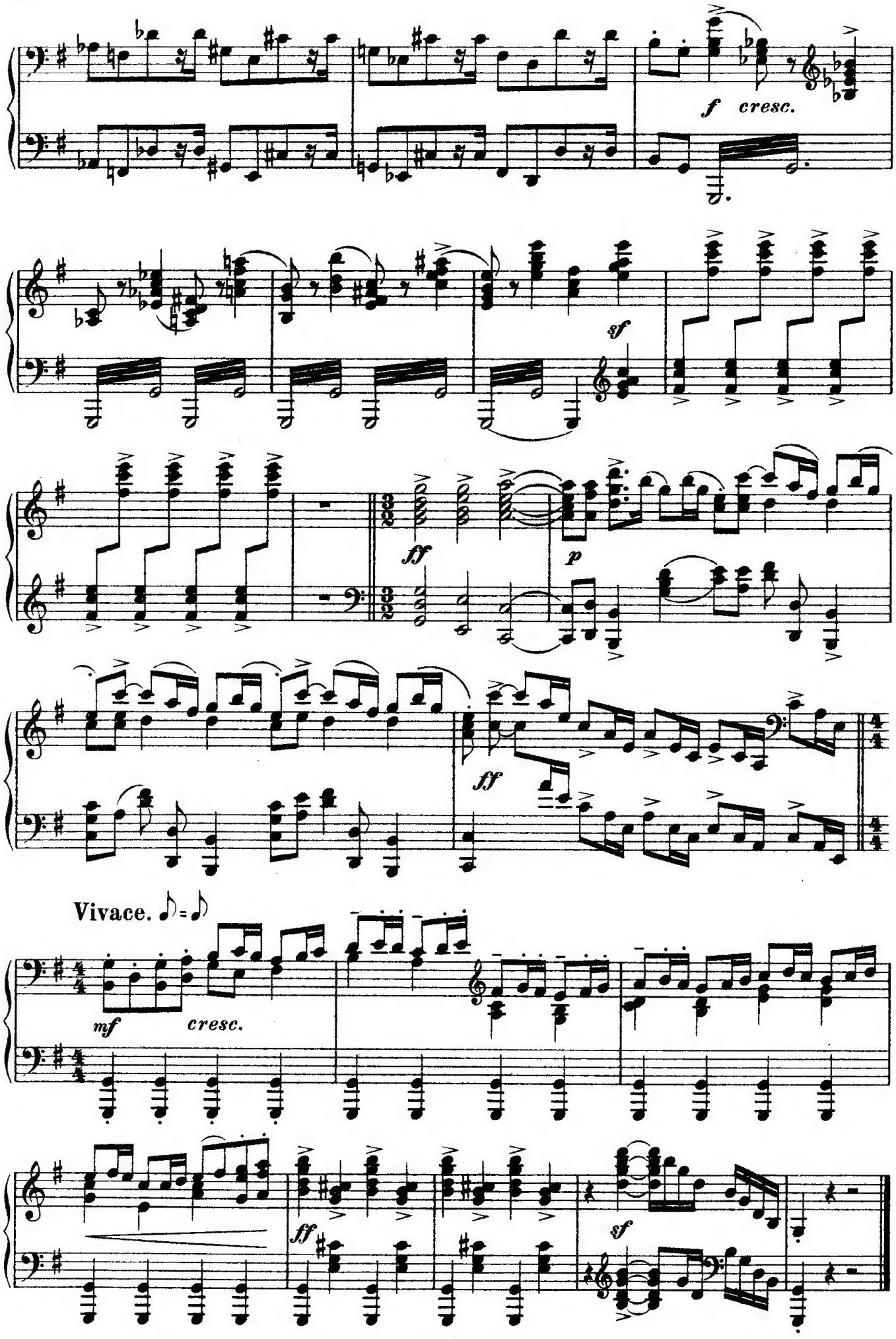

accel.
f
p
agitato
ff
ff
ff
mf
dim.
p


Slower. peacefully
rit.
p
mf
cresc.
ff
dim.
p
mf
Vivace.
cresc.
cresc.
Grandioso pomposo.
f



Più Vivace.

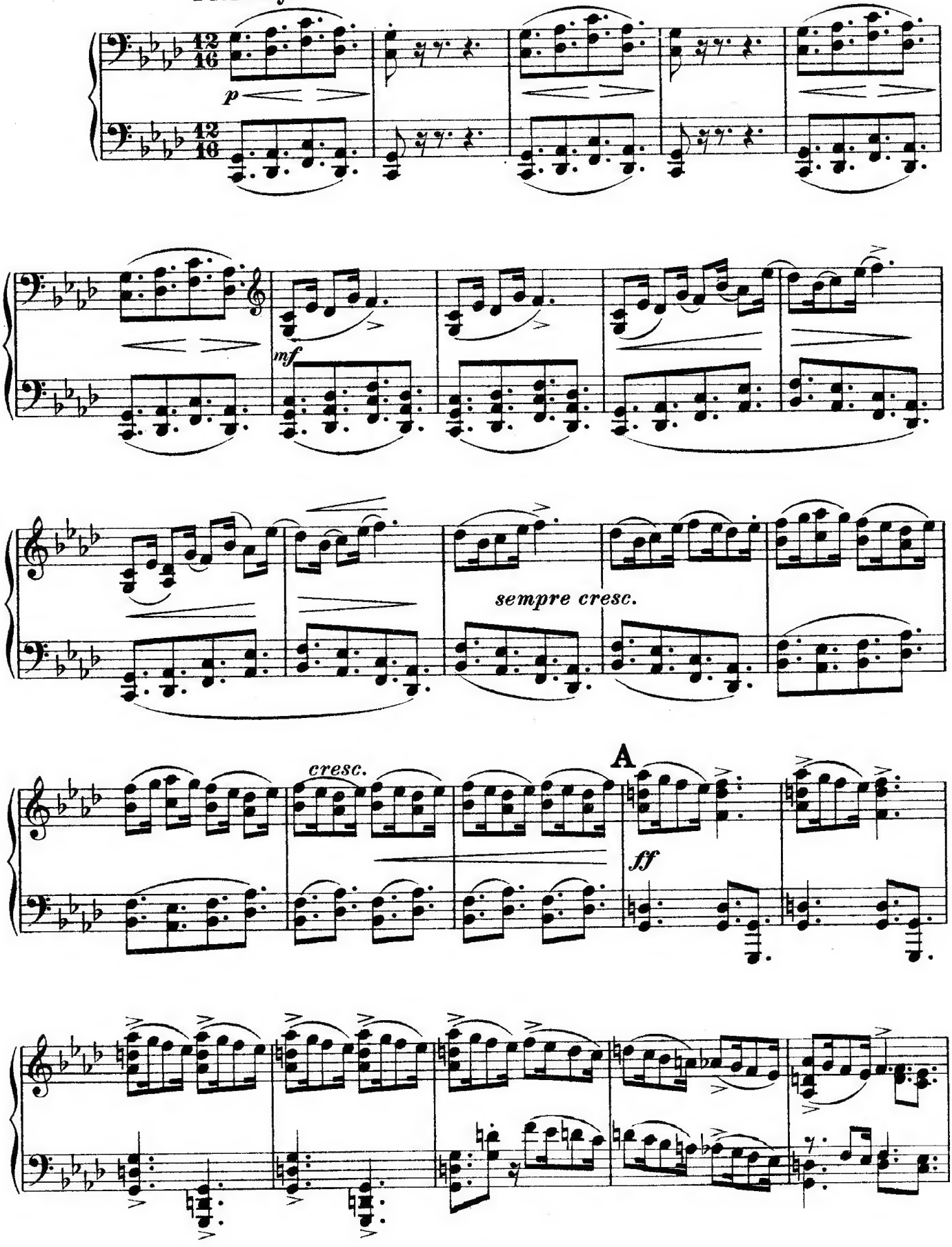


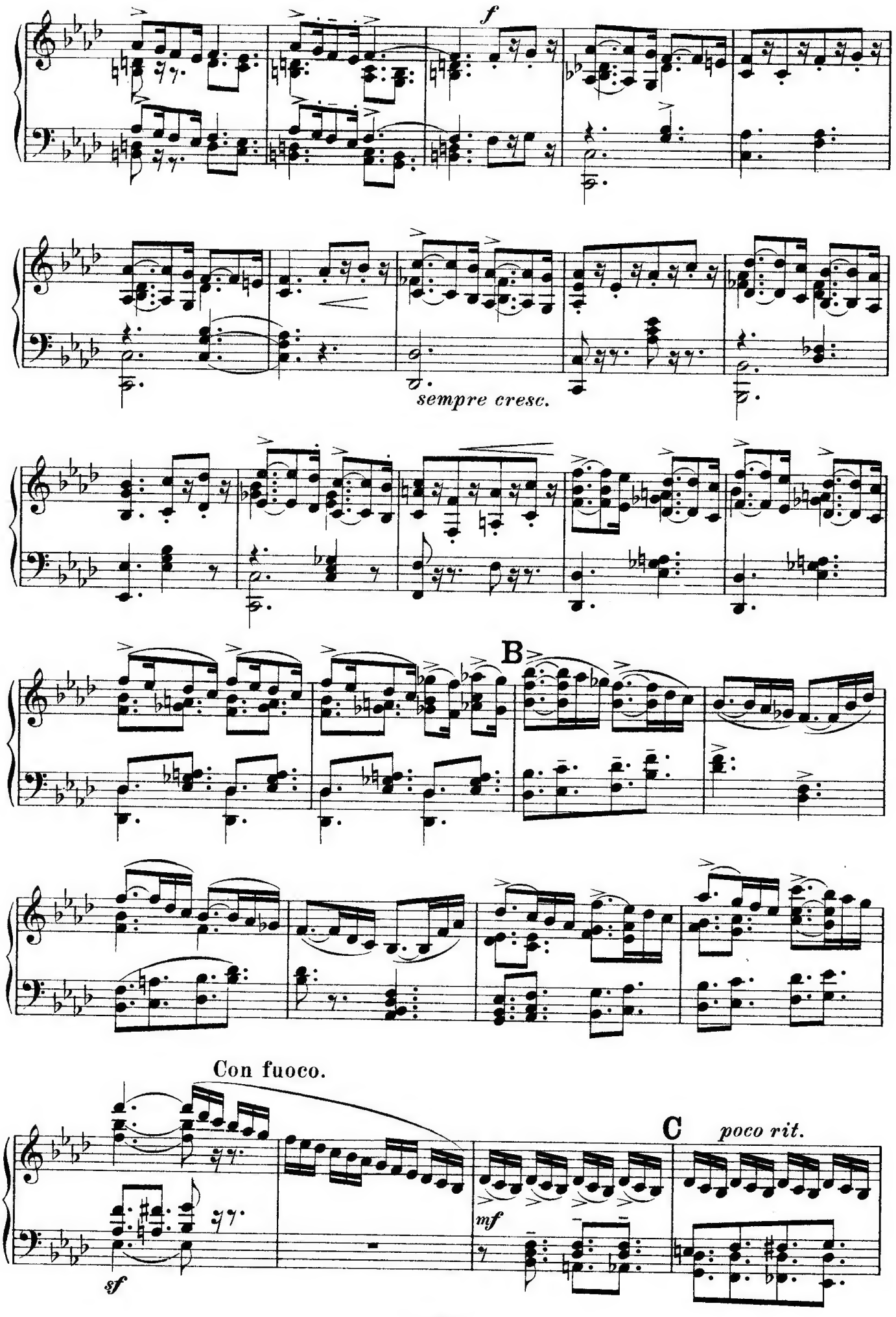

f cresc.
sf
ff
p
ff
Vivace.
mf cresc.
ff
sf

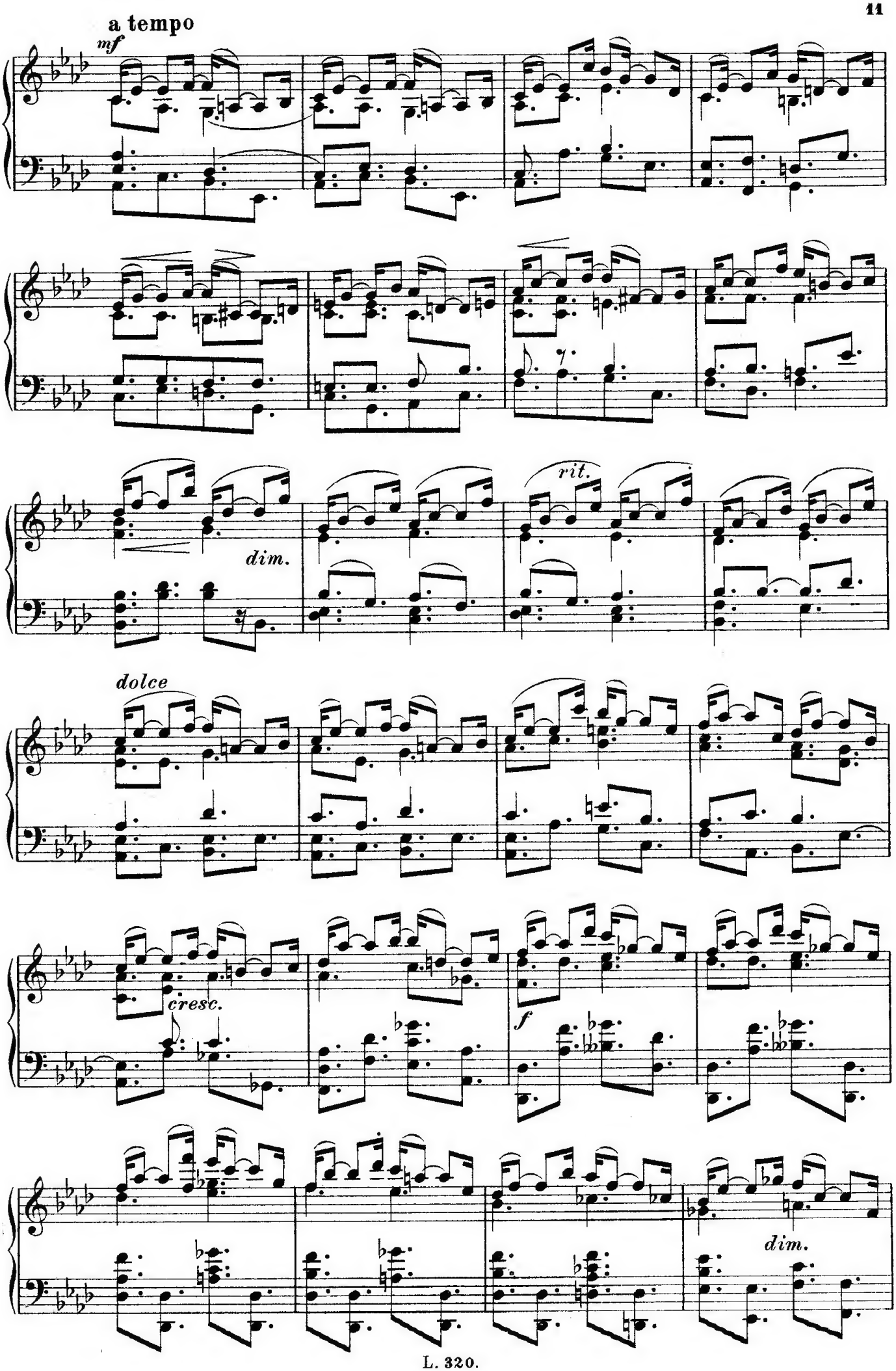
II.

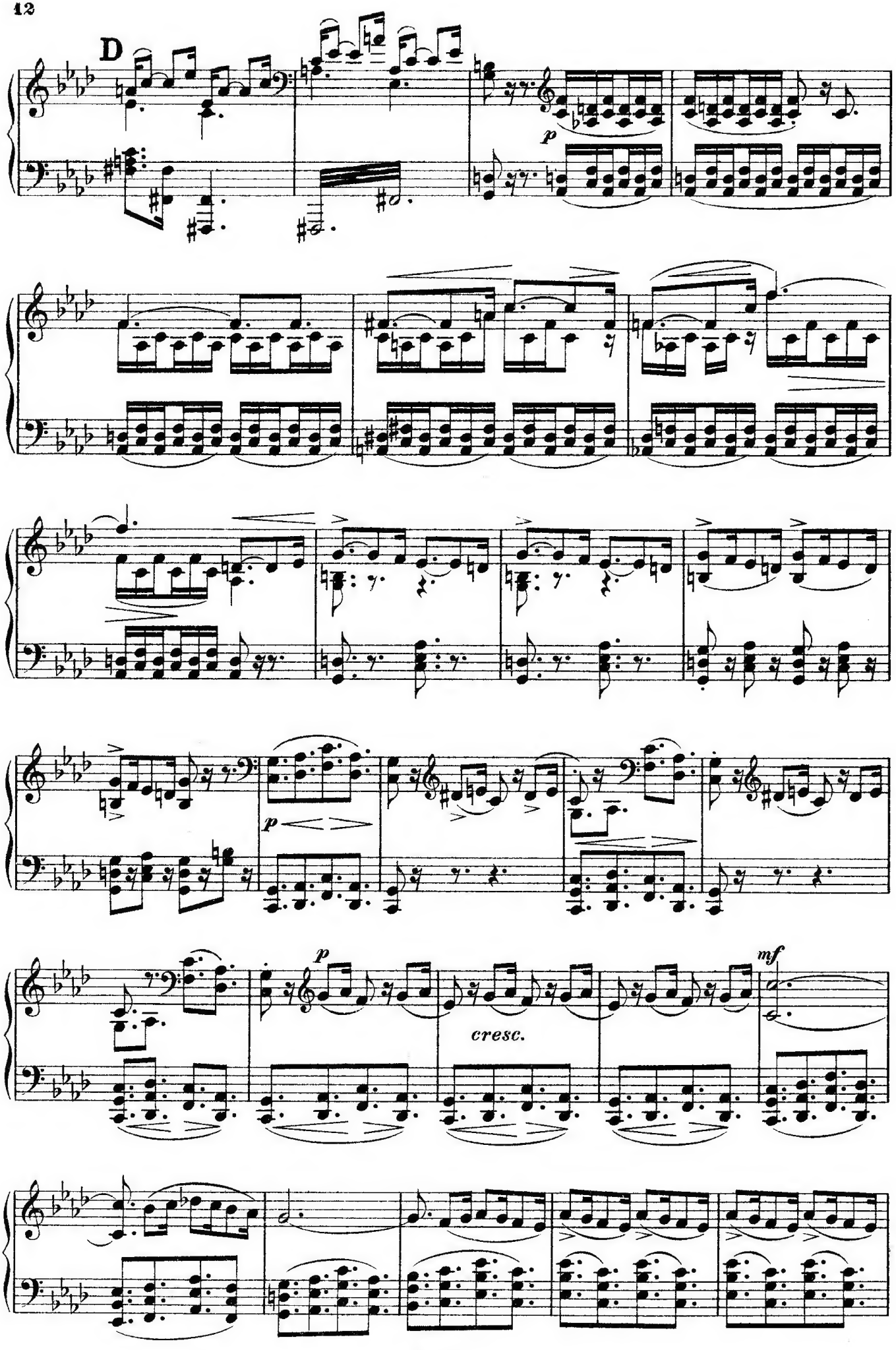
Ancient Grudges.

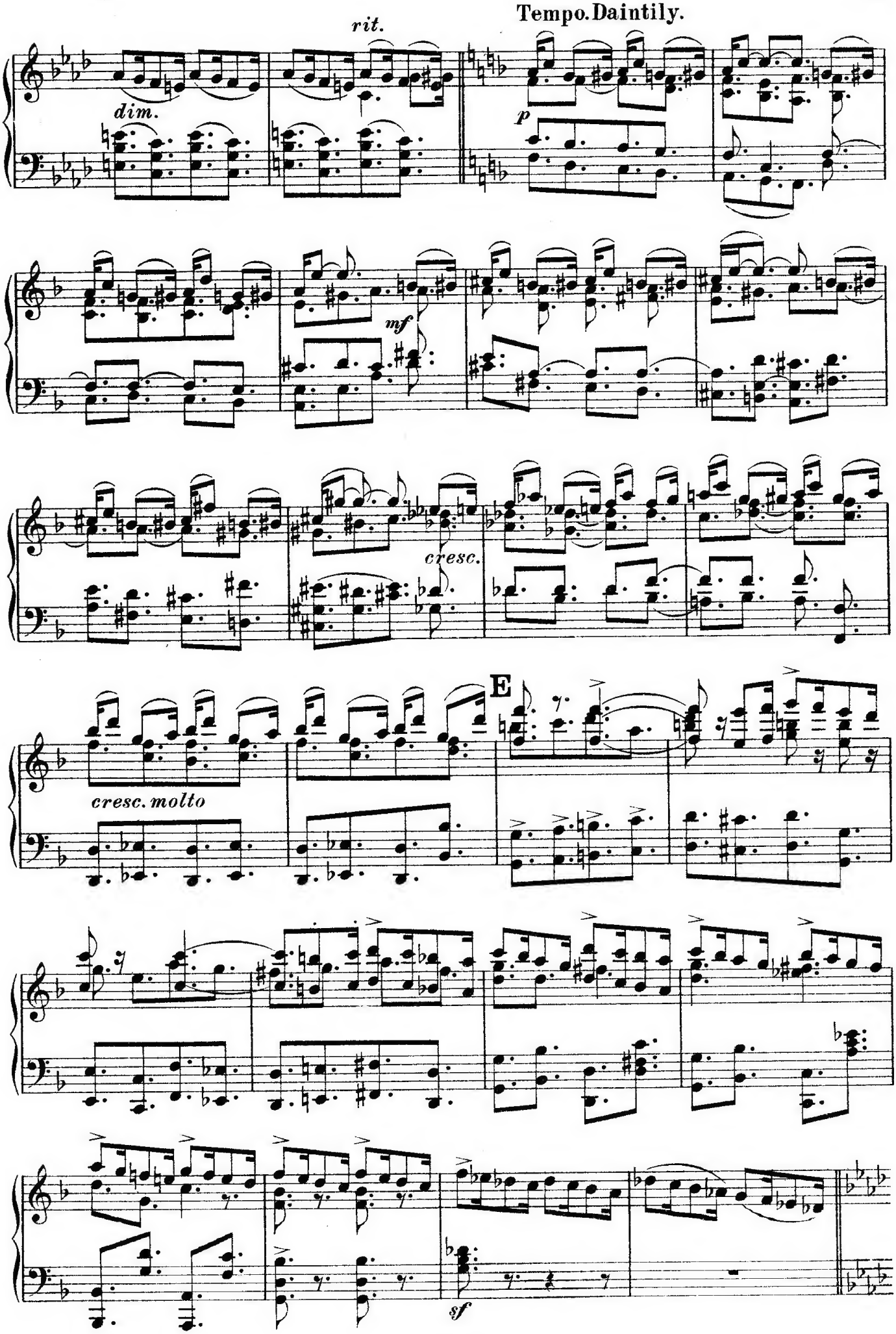
Fiercely.

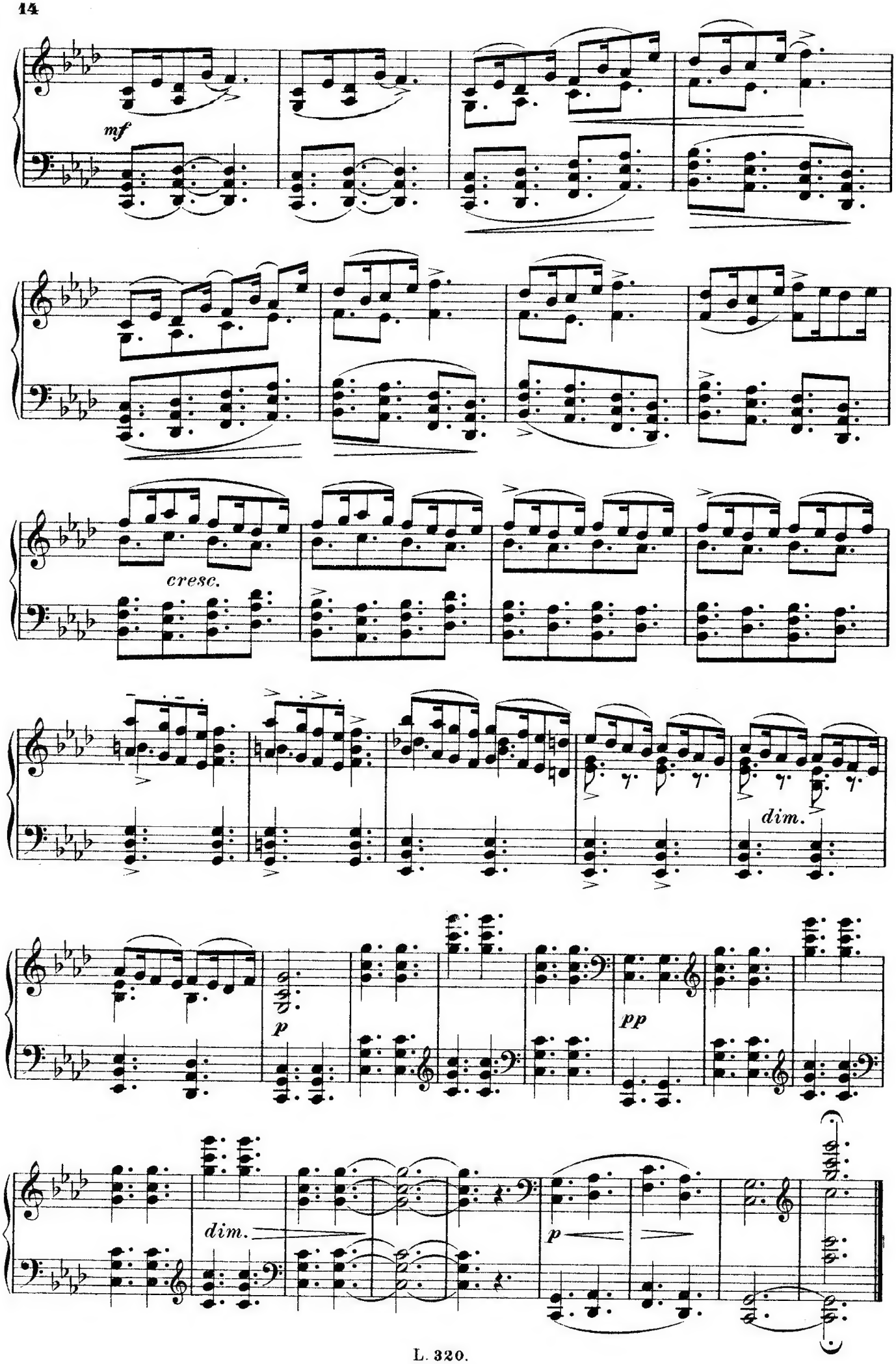



f
sempre cresc.
B
Con fuoco.
C
poco rit.
sf
mf


a tempo
mf
dim.
rit.
dolce
cresc.
f
dim.

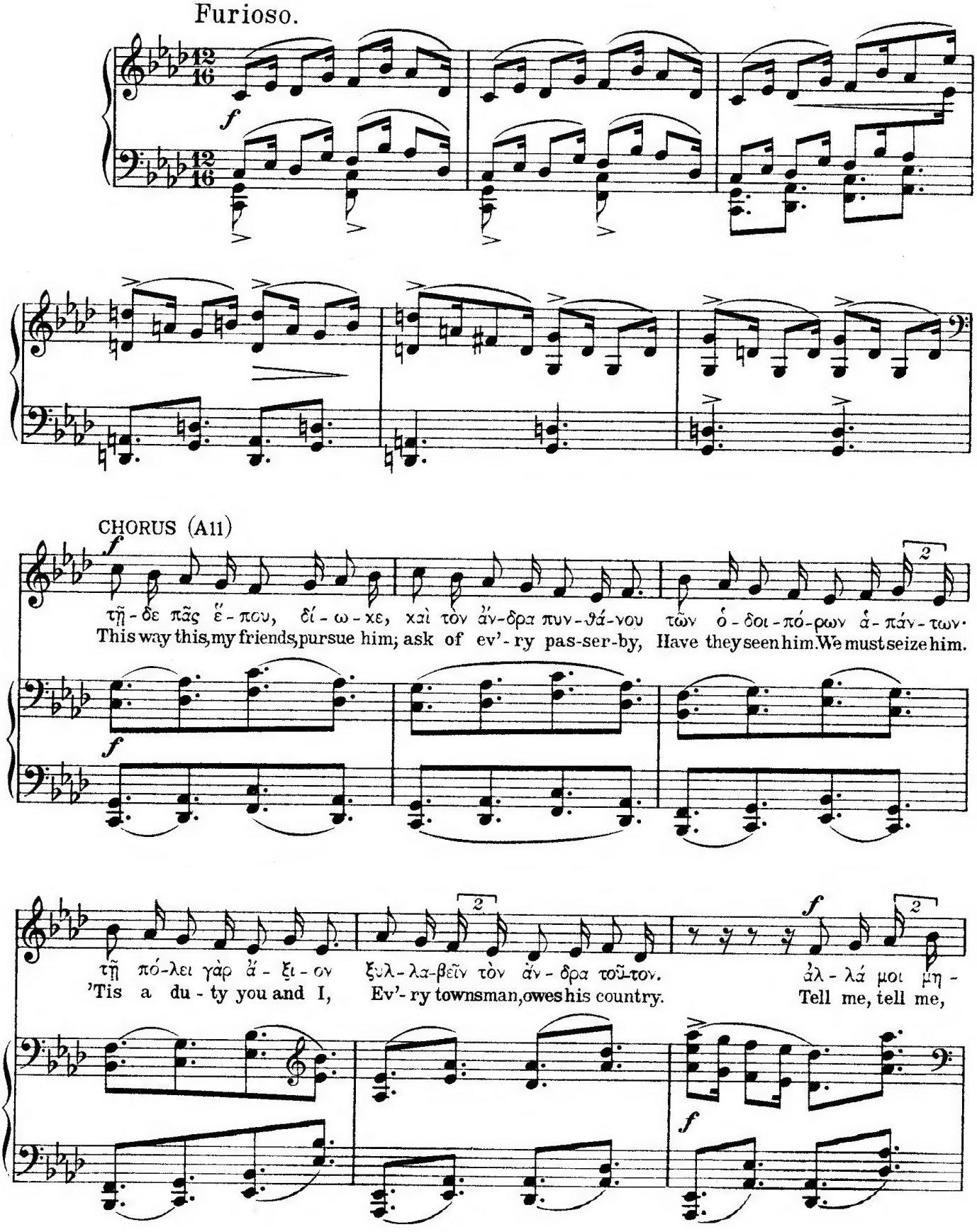

D
p
p
p
cresc.
mf

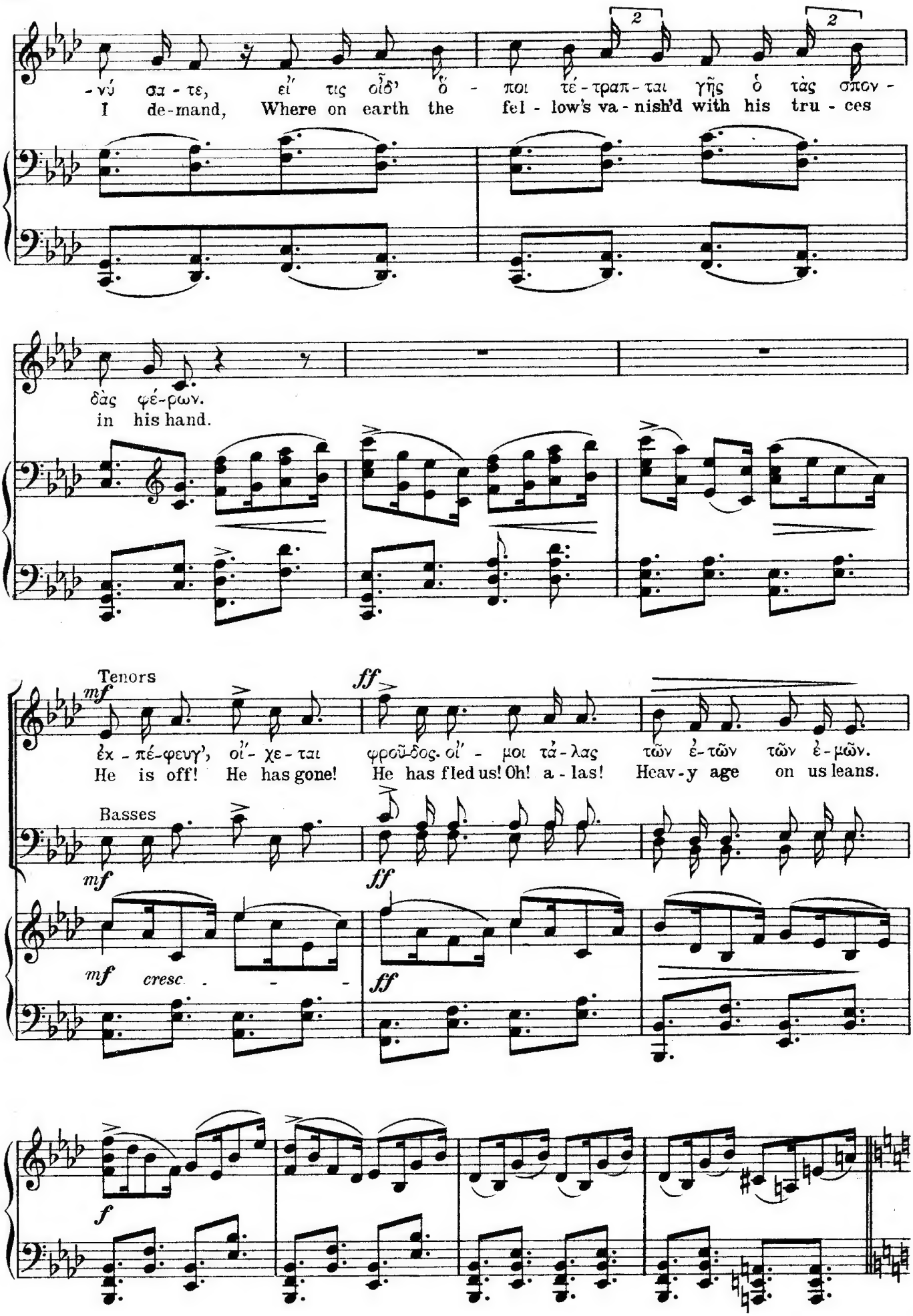

rit.
Tempo. Daintily.
dim.
p
mf
cresc.
cresc. molto
E
sf

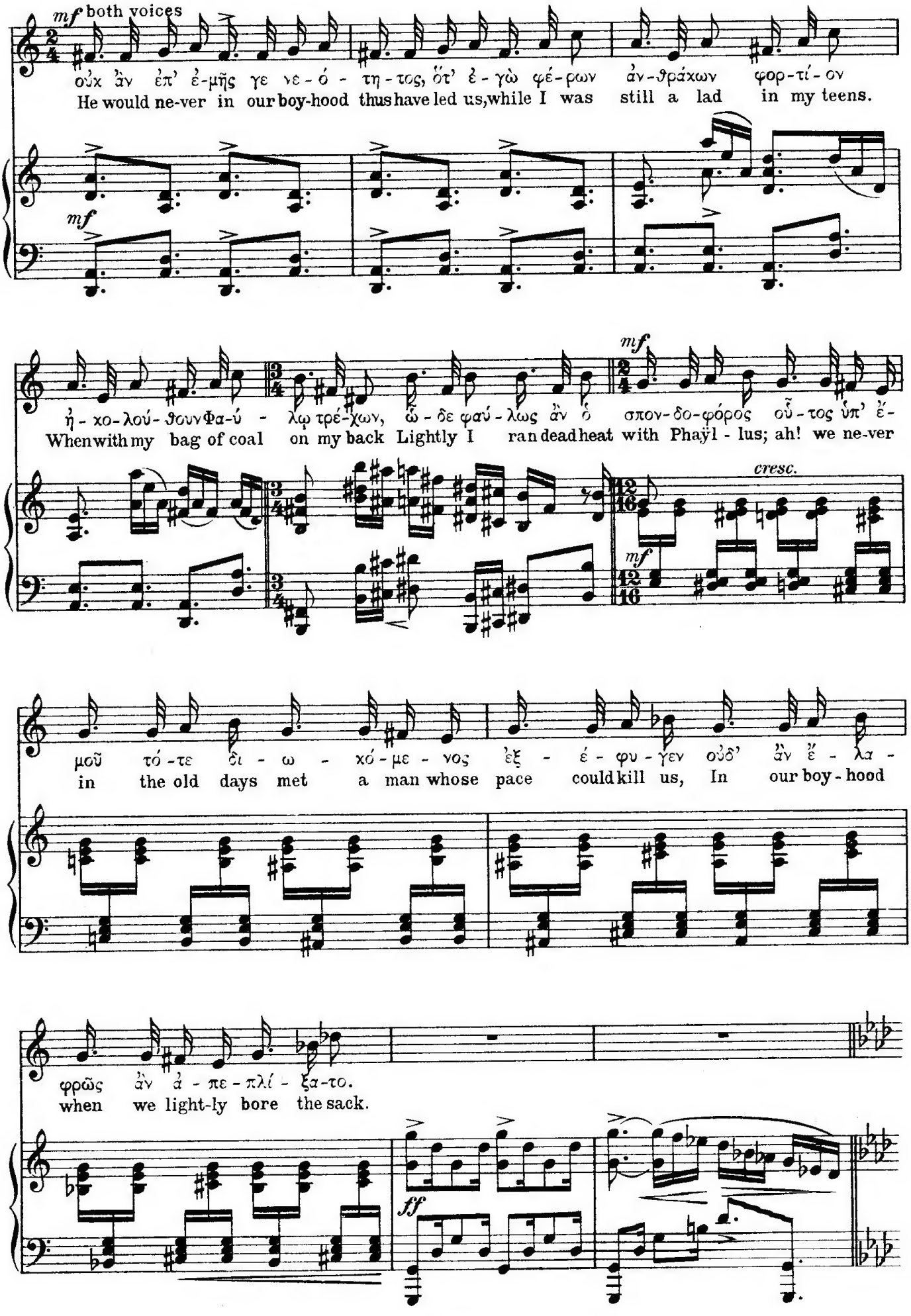

mf
cresc.
dim.
p
pp
dim.
p

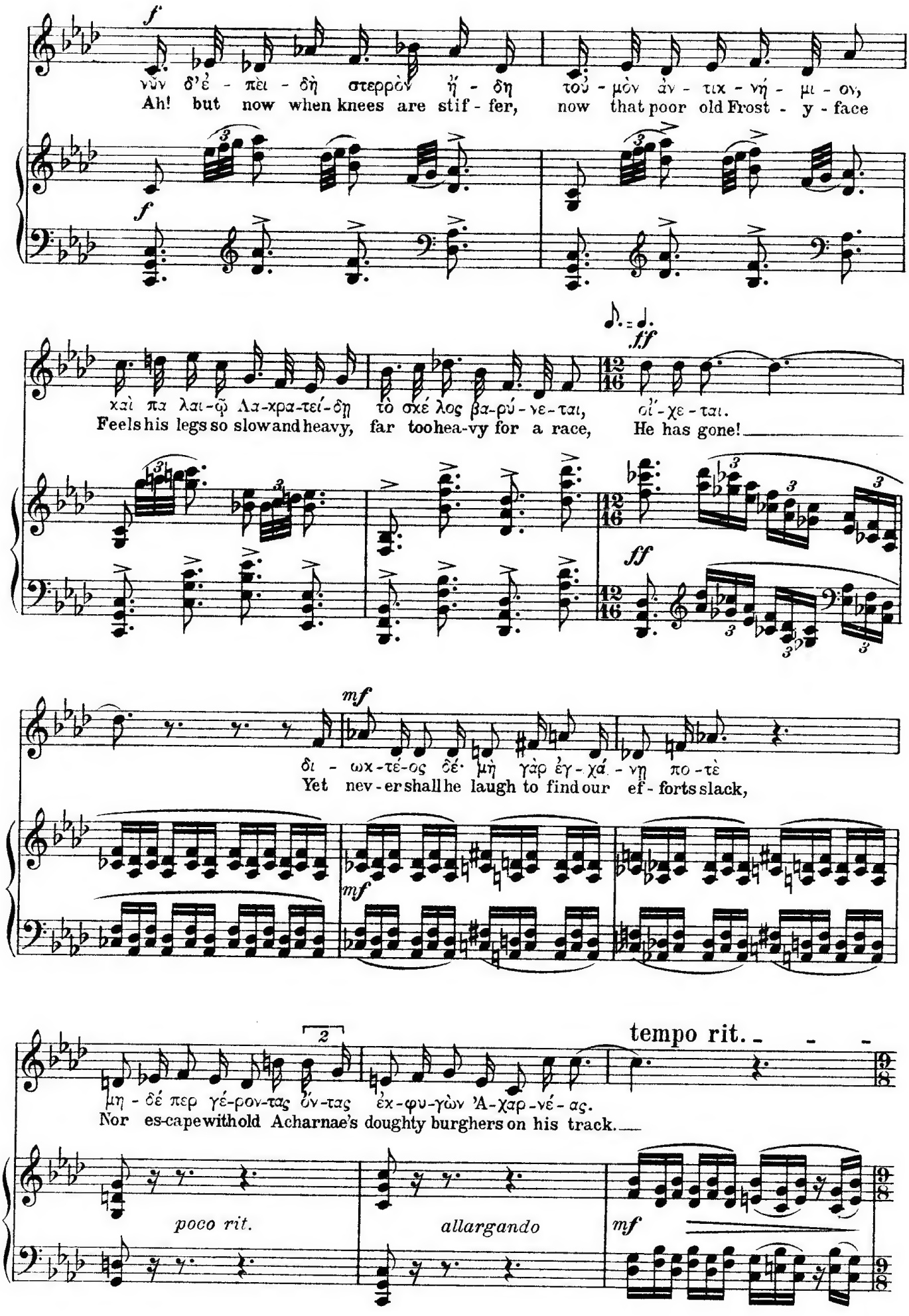
III. Chorus.

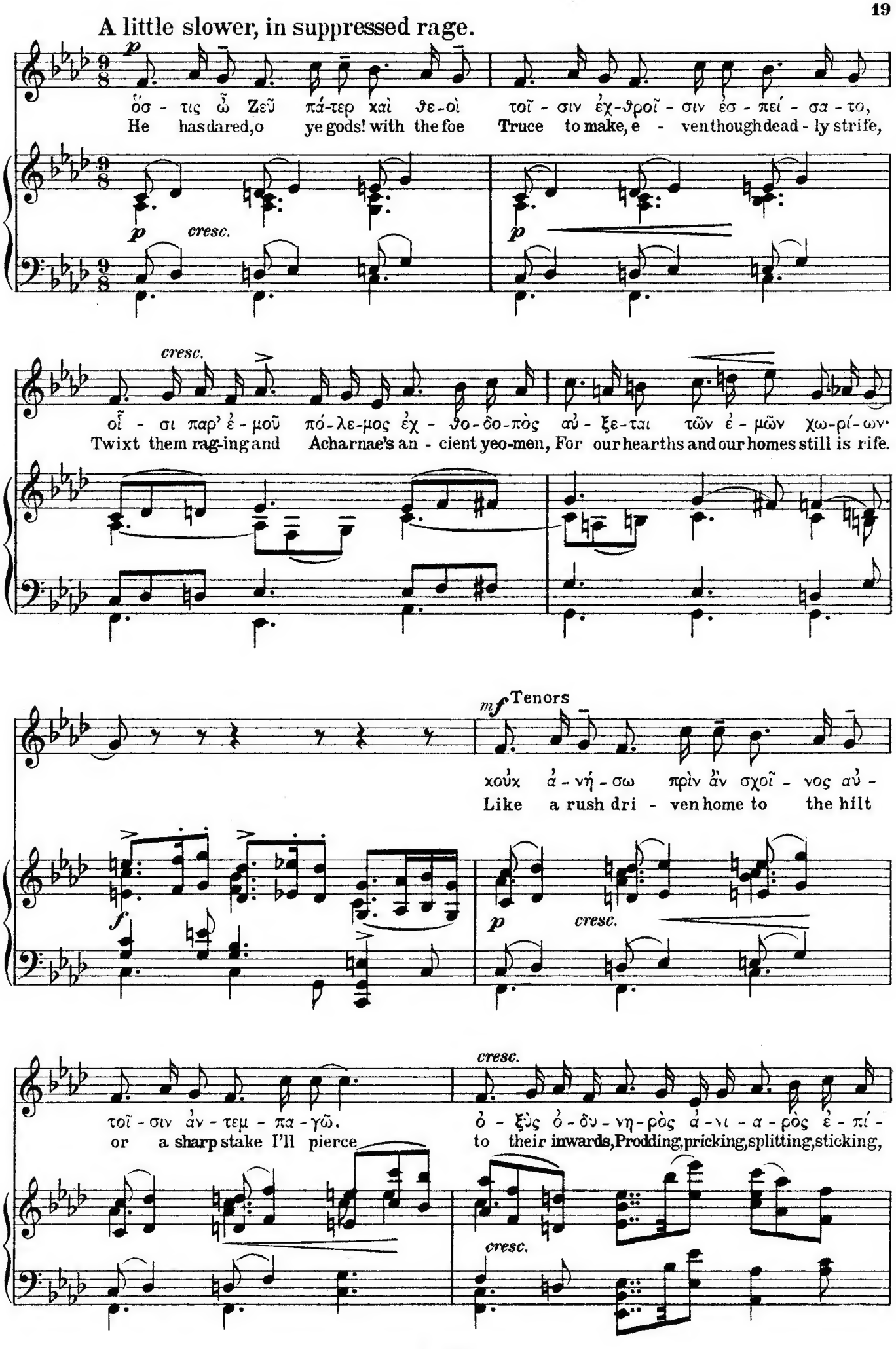
Line 204.

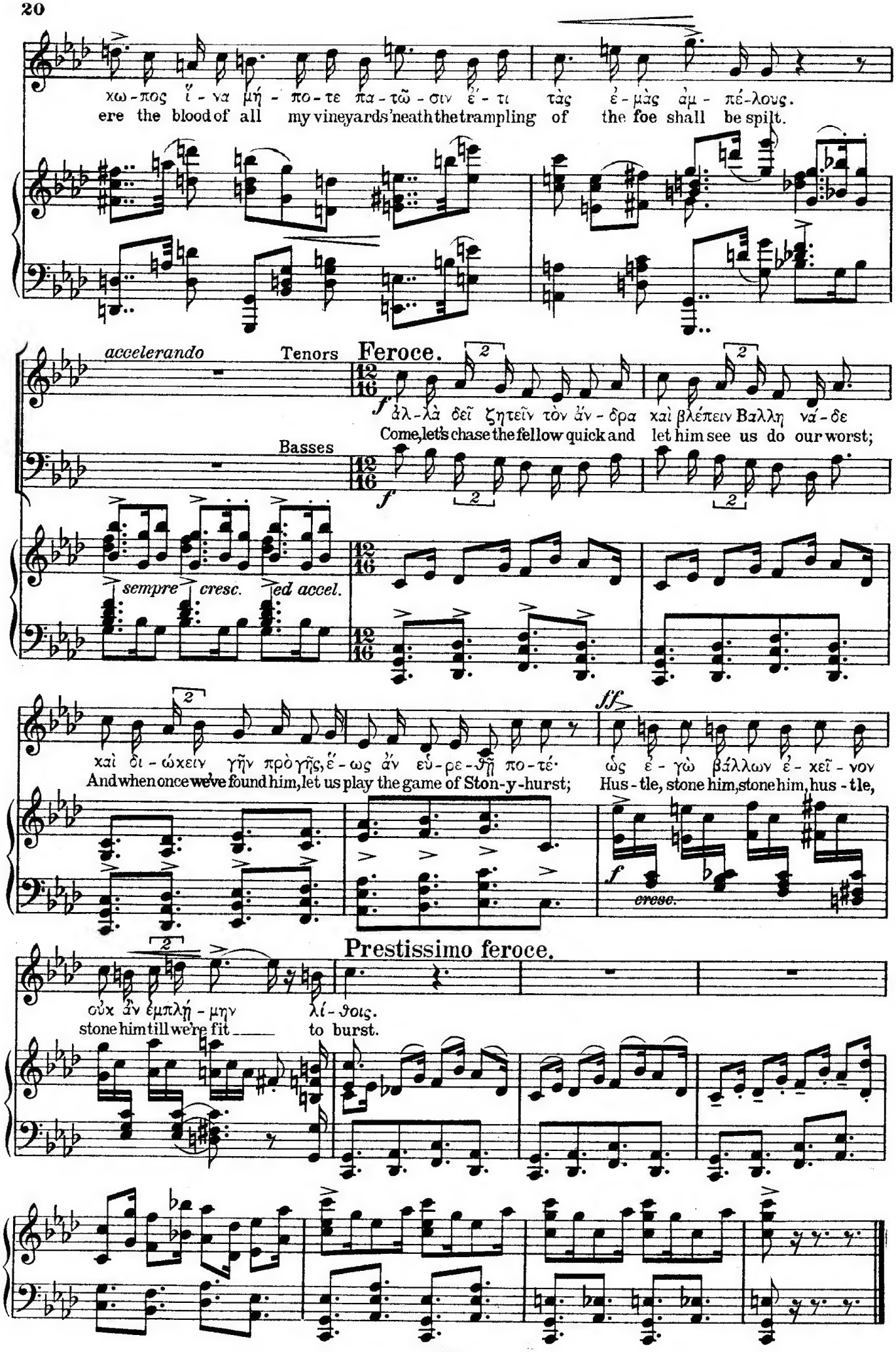



-νύ σα - τε, εἴ' τις οἶδ' ὅ - που τέ - τραπ - ται γῆς ὁ τὰς σπον -
I de-mand, Where on earth the fel - low's va - nish'd with his tru - ces
δὰς φέ-ρων.
in his hand.
Tenors
mf
ἐκ - πέ-φευγ', οἴ' - χε - ται φροῦ-δος. οἴ' - μοι τά-λας τῶν ἐ-τῶν τῶν ἐ-μῶν.
He is off! He has gone! He has fled us! Oh! a - las! Heav-y age on us leans.
Basses
mf
ff
mf cresc.
ff
f


mf both voices
οὐχ ἂν ἐπ' ἐ-μῆς γε νε-ό - τη-τος, ὅτ' ἐ-γὼ φέ-ρων ἀν-θράχων φορ-τί-ον
He would ne-ver in our boy-hood thus have led us, while I was still a lad in my teens.
mf
ἠ - χο-λού-θουν Φα-ύ - λῳ τρέ-χων, ὥ - δε φαύ-λως ἂν ὁ σπον-δο-φόρος οὗ-τος ὑπ' ἔ-
When with my bag of coal on my back Lightly I ran dead heat with Phaÿl - lus; ah! we ne-ver
mf
cresc.
μοῦ τό-τε ὀι - ω - χό-με - νος ἐξ - έ - φυ - γεν οὐδ' ἂν ἔ - λα -
in the old days met a man whose pace could kill us, In our boy - hood
φρῶς ἂν ἀ - πε - πλί - ξα-το.
when we light-ly bore the sack.
ff

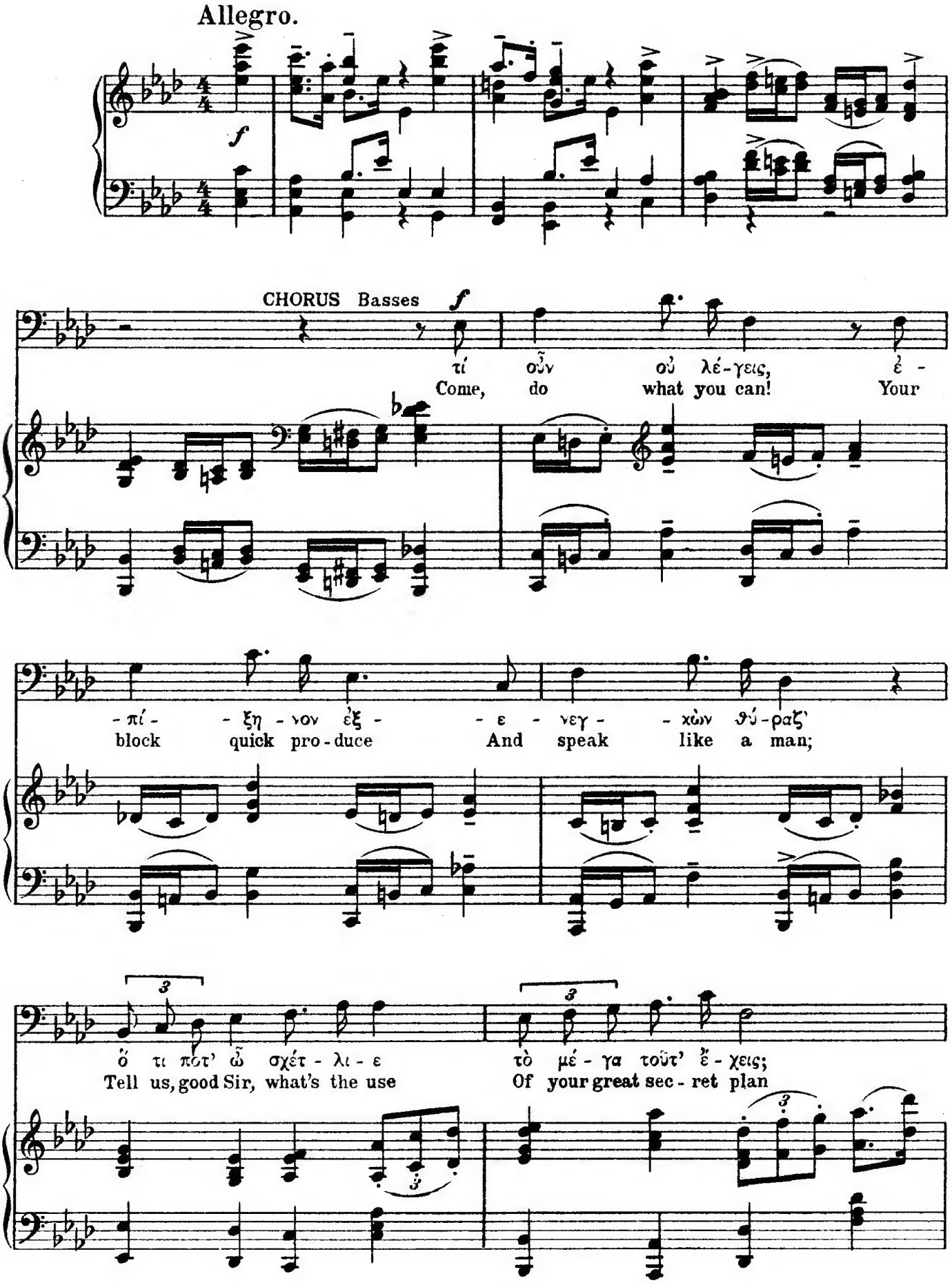

νῦν δ'ἐ - πει - δὴ στερρὸν ἥ - δη τοὺ - μὸν ἀν - τιχ - νή - μι - ον,
Ah! but now when knees are stif - fer, now that poor old Frost - y - face
χαὶ πα λαι-ῷ Λα-χρα-τεί-δῃ τὸ σκέ λος βα-ρύ - νε - ται, οἴ'-χε - ται.
Feels his legs so slow and heavy, far too hea-vy for a race, He has gone!
δι - ωκ-τέ-ος δέ· μὴ γὰρ ἐγ - χά - νῃ πο -τὲ
Yet nev - er shall he laugh to find our ef - forts slack,
μη - δέ περ γέ-ρον-τας ὄν-τας ἐκ-φυ-γὼν 'Α-χαρ-νέ - ας.
Nor es-cape with hold Acharnae's doughty burghers on his track.
tempo rit.
poco rit.
allargando

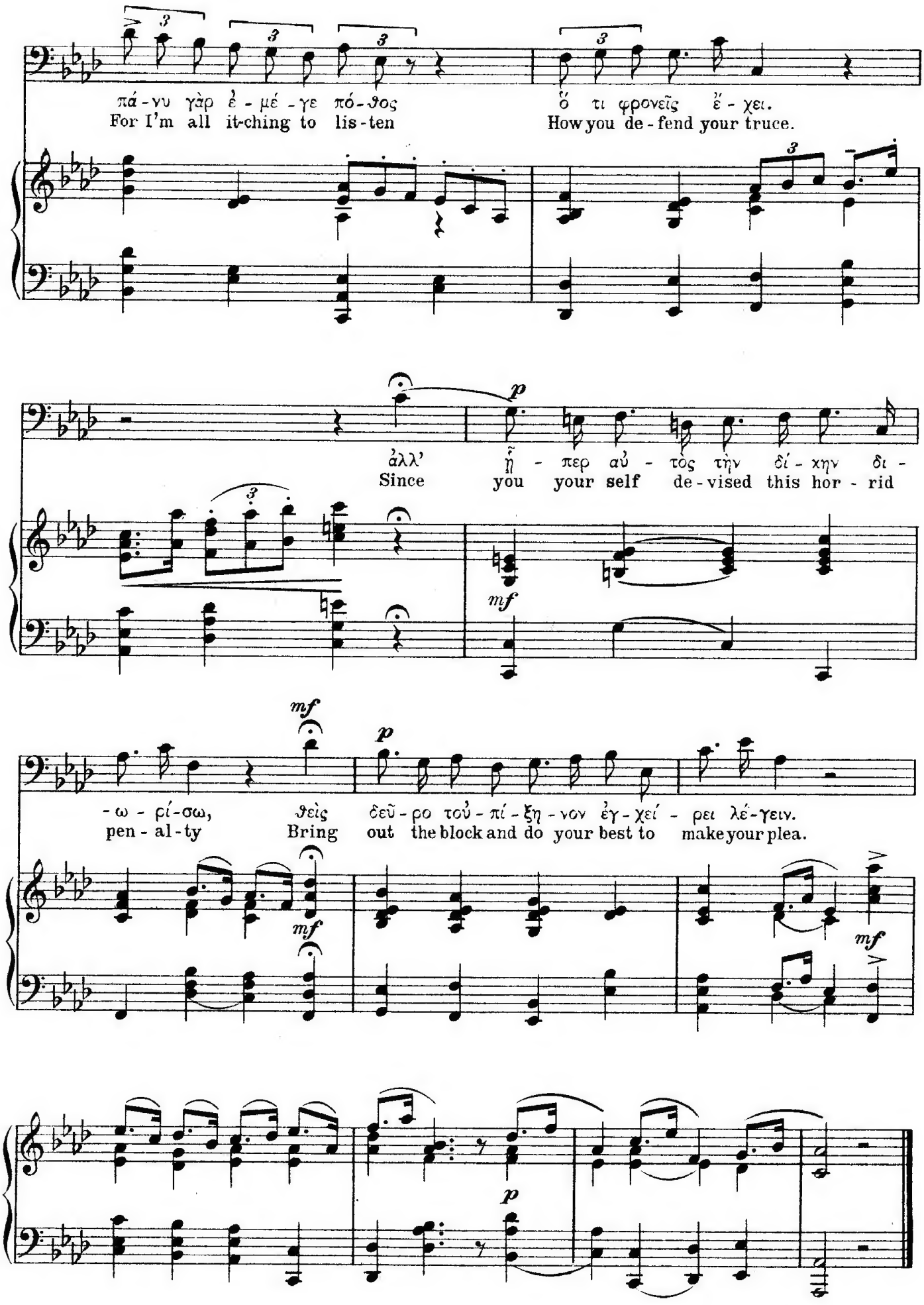

A little slower, in suppressed rage.
p
ὅσ - τις ὦ Ζεῦ πά-τερ καὶ θε-οὶ τοῖ - σιν ἐχ-θροῖ - σιν ἐσ - πεί - σα - το,
He has dared, o ye gods! with the foe Truce to make, e - ven though dead - ly strife,
p cresc.
p
cresc.
οἷ - σι παρ' ἐ - μοῦ πό-λε-μος ἐχ - θο-δο-πὸς αὐ - ξε-ται τῶν ἐ - μῶν χω-ρί-ων·
Twixt them rag-ing and Acharnae's an - cient yeo-men, For our hearths and our homes still is rife.
mf Tenors
χοὐχ ἁ - νή - σω πρὶν ἂν σχοῖ - νος αὐ -
Like a rush dri - ven home to the hilt
f
p cresc.
τοῖ - σιν ἀν - τεμ - πα - γῶ.
or a sharp stake I'll pierce
cresc.
ὀ - ξὺς ὀ - δυ - νη - ρὸς ἀ - νι - α - ρὸς ἐ - πί -
to their inwards, Prodding, pricking, splitting, sticking,
cresc.


χω - πος ἵ - να μή - πο - τε πα - τῶ - σιν ἔ - τι τὰς ἐ - μὰς ἀμ - πέ-λους.
ere the blood of all my vineyards 'neath the trampling of the foe shall be spilt.
accelerando
Tenors
Feroce.
ἀλ-λὰ δεῖ ζητεῖν τὸν ἄν - δρα καὶ βλέπειν Βαλλη νά - δε
Come, let's chase the fellow quick and let him see us do our worst;
Basses
sempre cresc. ed accel.
καὶ δι - ώκειν γῆν πρὸ γῆς, ἕ - ως ἂν εὗ - ρε - θῇ πο - τέ·
And when once we've found him, let us play the game of Ston-y-hurst;
ff
ὡς ἐ - γὼ βάλλων ἐ - κεῖ - νον
Hus - tle, stone him, stone him, hus - tle,
cresc.
Prestissimo feroce.
οὐκ ἂν ἐμπλή - μην λί - θοις.
stone him till we're fit to burst.

IV. Chorus.

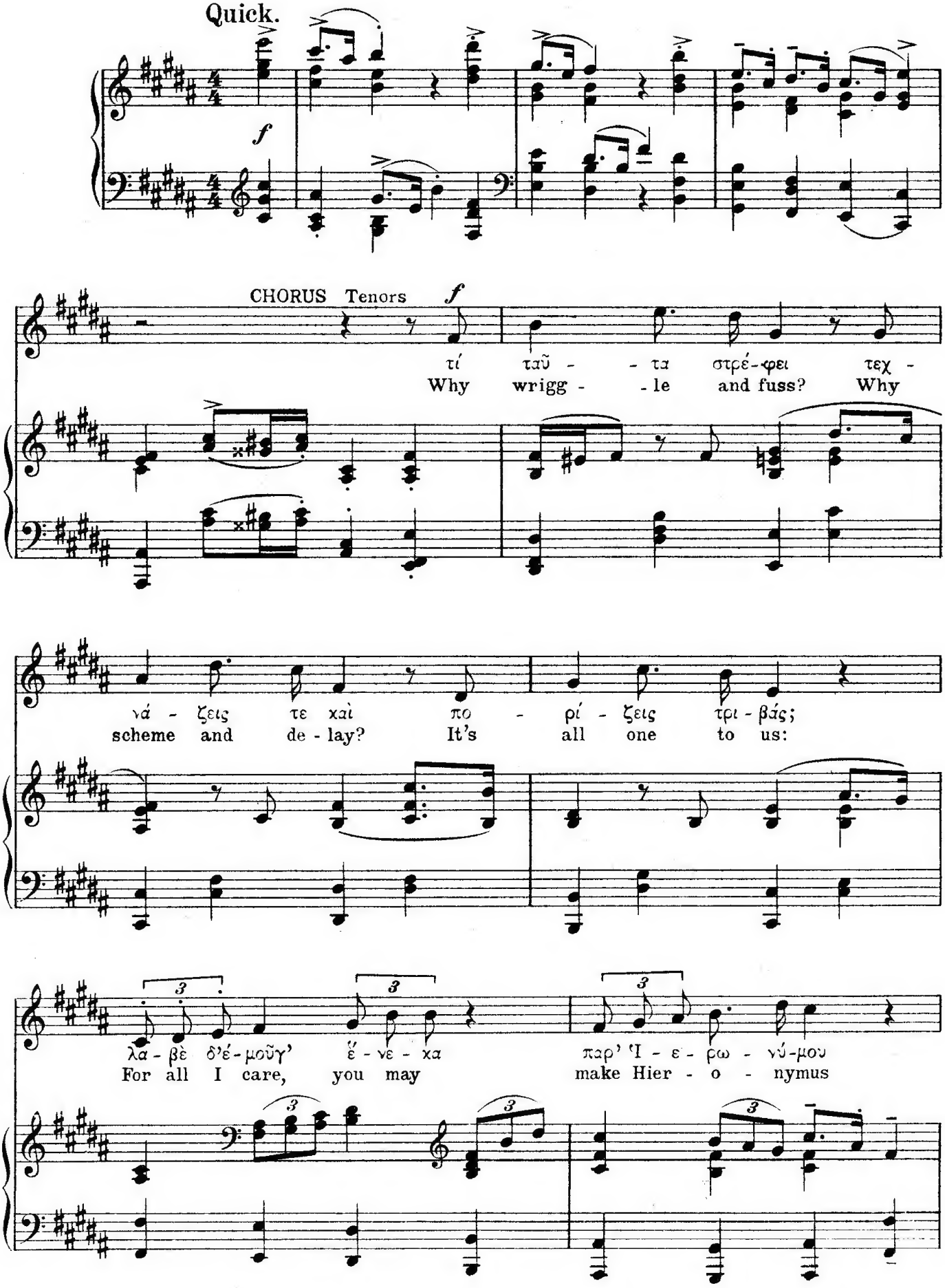
Line 359.

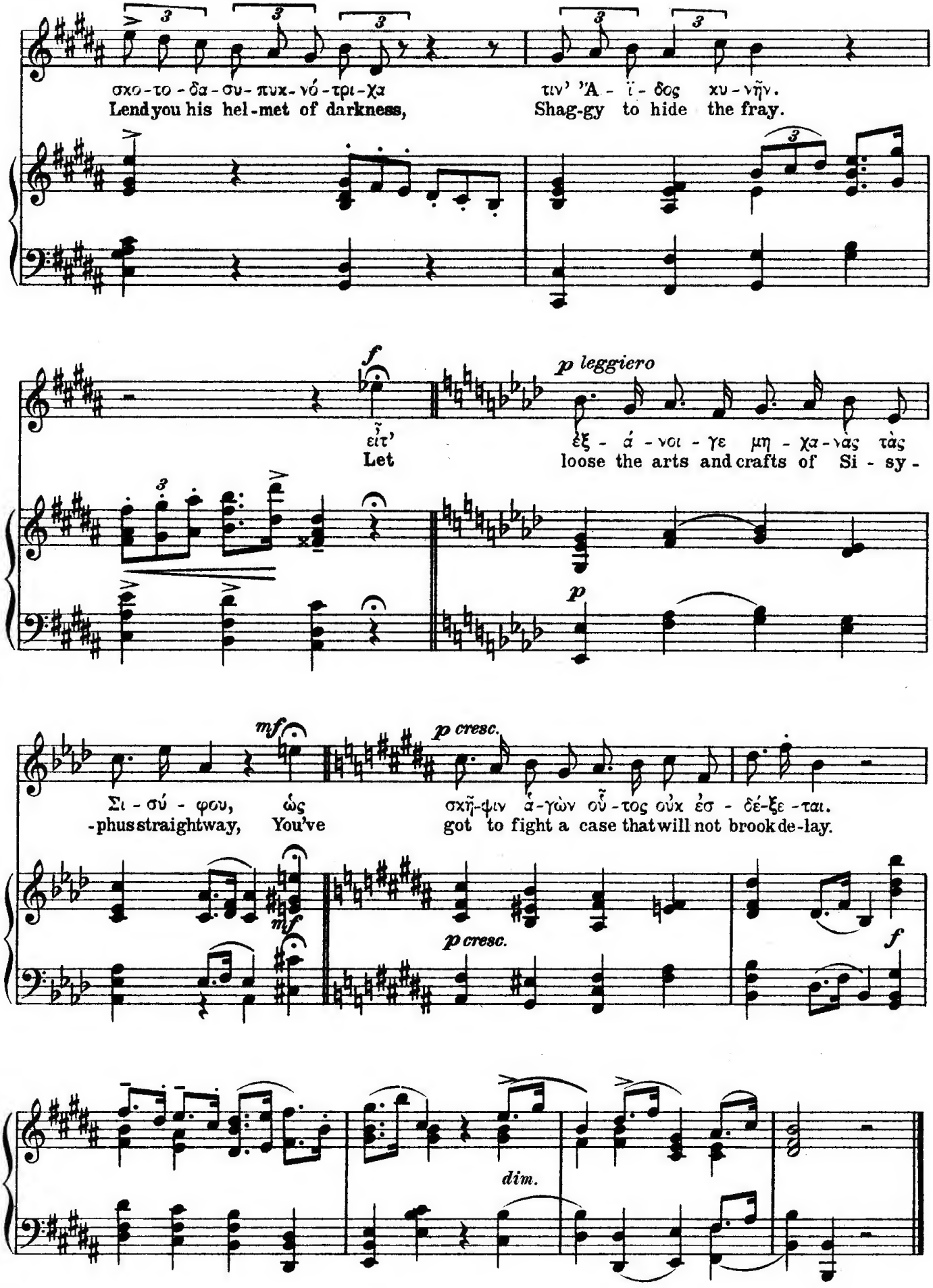



πά-νυ γὰρ ἐ-μέ-γε πό-θος
For I'm all it-ching to lis-ten
ὅ τι φρονεῖς ἔ-χει.
How you de-fend your truce.
ἀλλ' ἦ-περ αὐ-τὸς τὴν δί-χην δι-
Since you your self de-vised this hor-rid
-ω-ρί-σω, θεὶς δεῦ-ρο τοὐ-πί-ξη-νον ἐγ-χεί-ρει λέ-γειν.
pen-al-ty Bring out the block and do your best to make your plea.
p
mf
mf
p
mf
mf
p

V. Chorus.

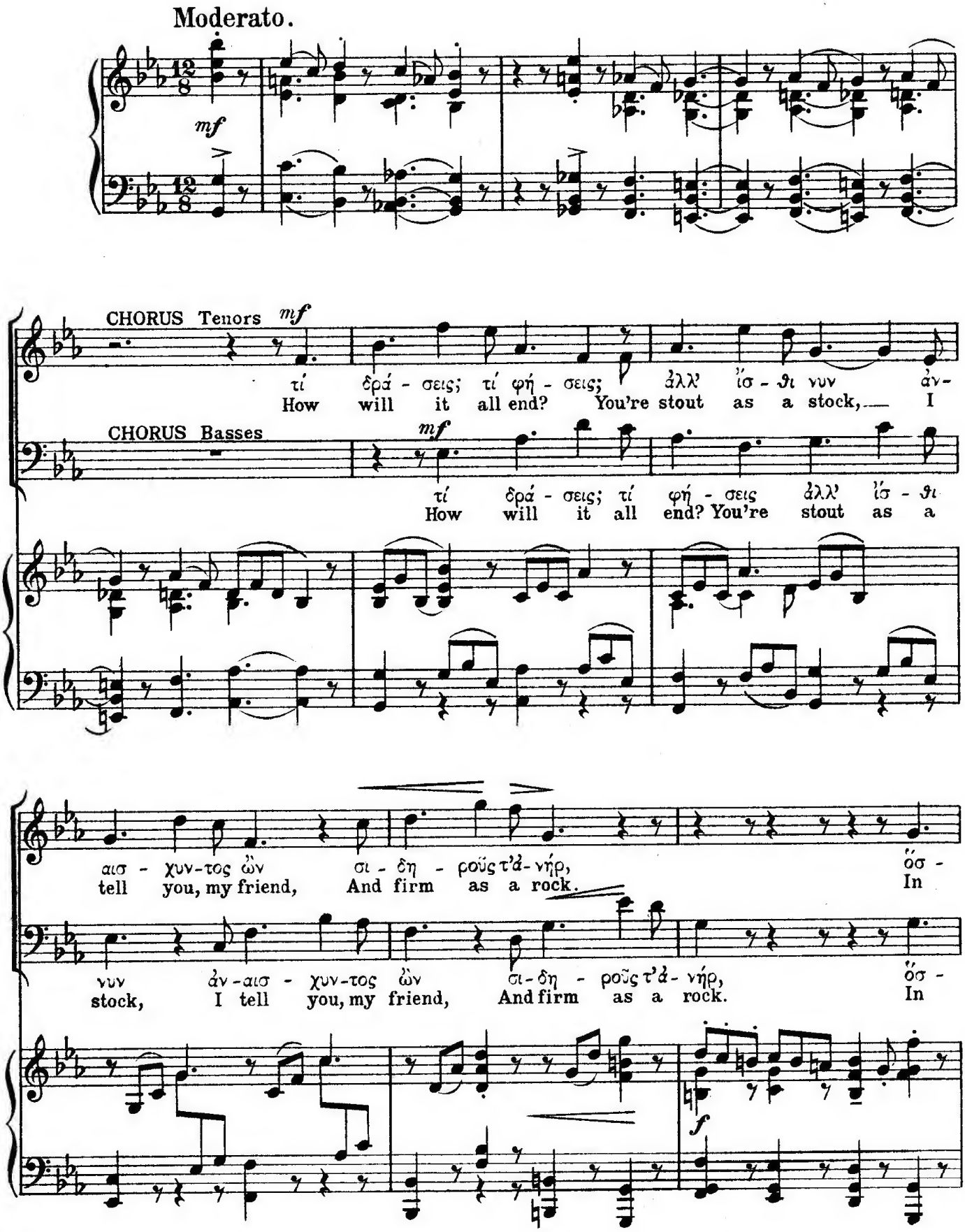
Line 385.

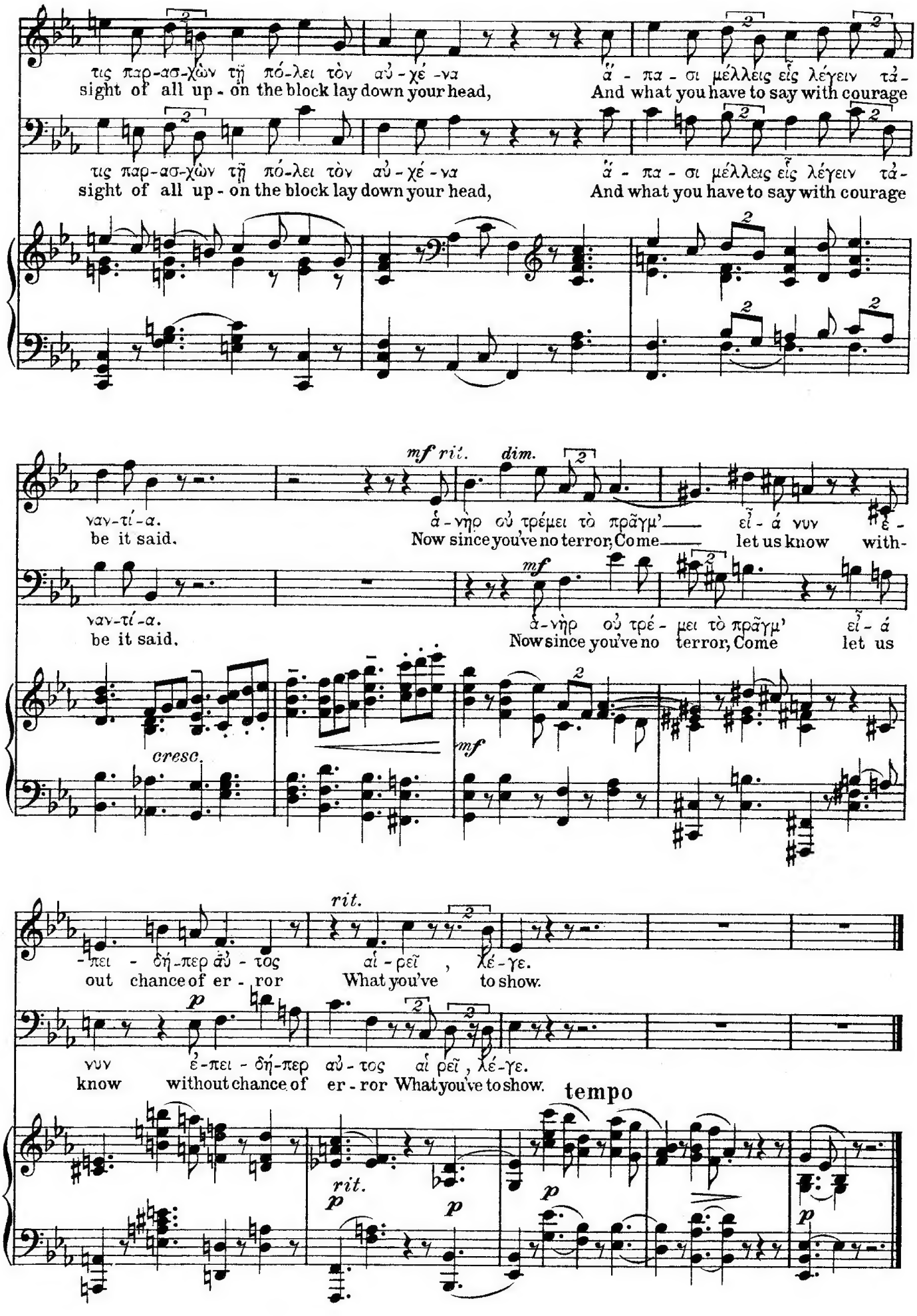



σκο-το-δα-συ-πυκ-νό-τρι-χα
Lend you his hel-met of darkness,
τιν' Ἄ-ϊ-δος κυ-νῆν.
Shag-gy to hide the fray.
f
εἶτ'
Let
p leggiero
ἐξ-ά-νοι-γε μη-χα-νὰς τὰς
loose the arts and crafts of Si-sy-
p
mf
Σι-σύ-φου, ὡς
-phus straightway, You've
p cresc.
σχῆ-φιν ἀ-γὼν οὗ-τος οὐκ ἐσ-δέ-ξε-ται.
got to fight a case that will not brook de-lay.
mf
p cresc.
f
dim.

VI. Chorus.

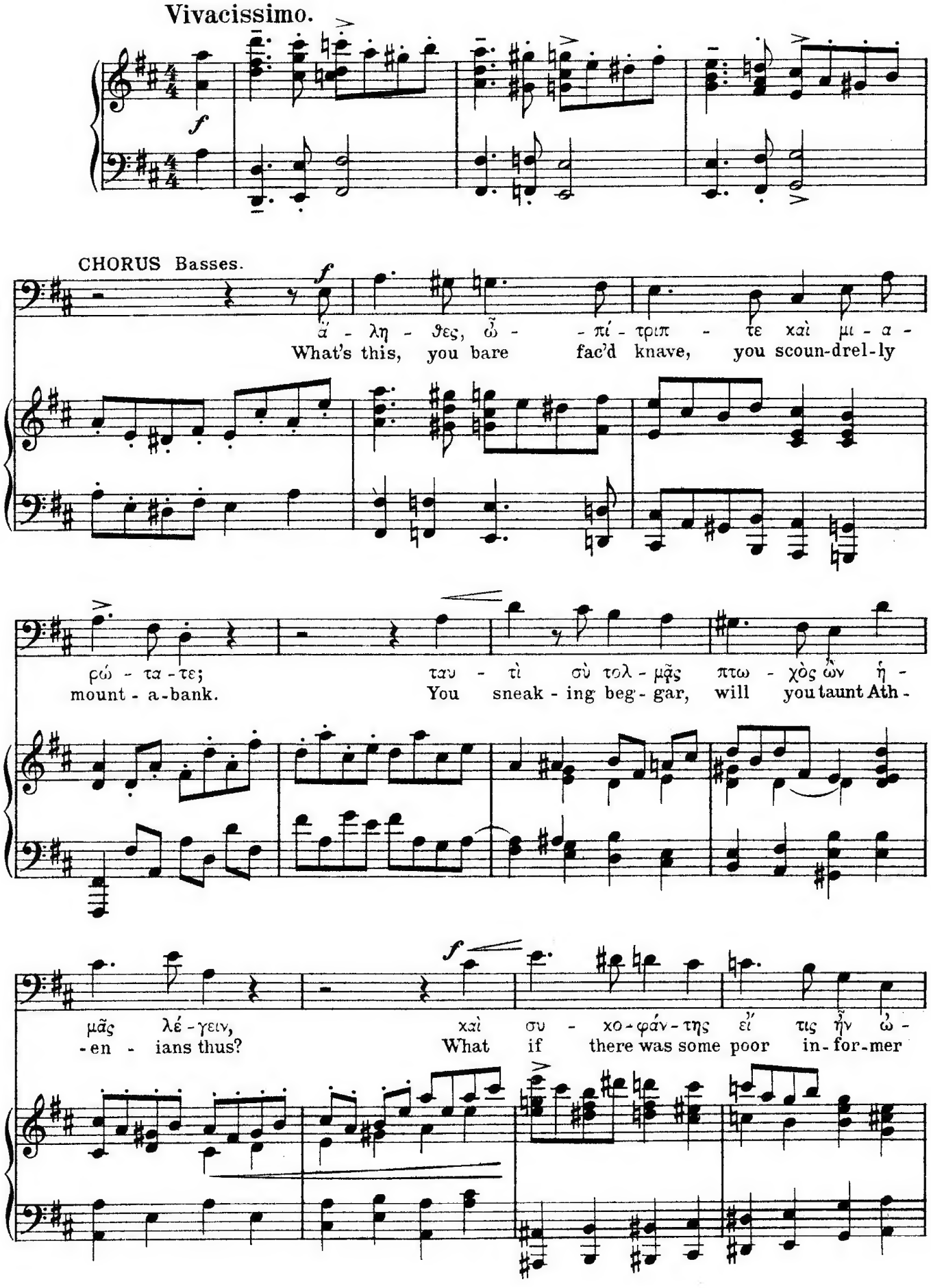
Line 490.

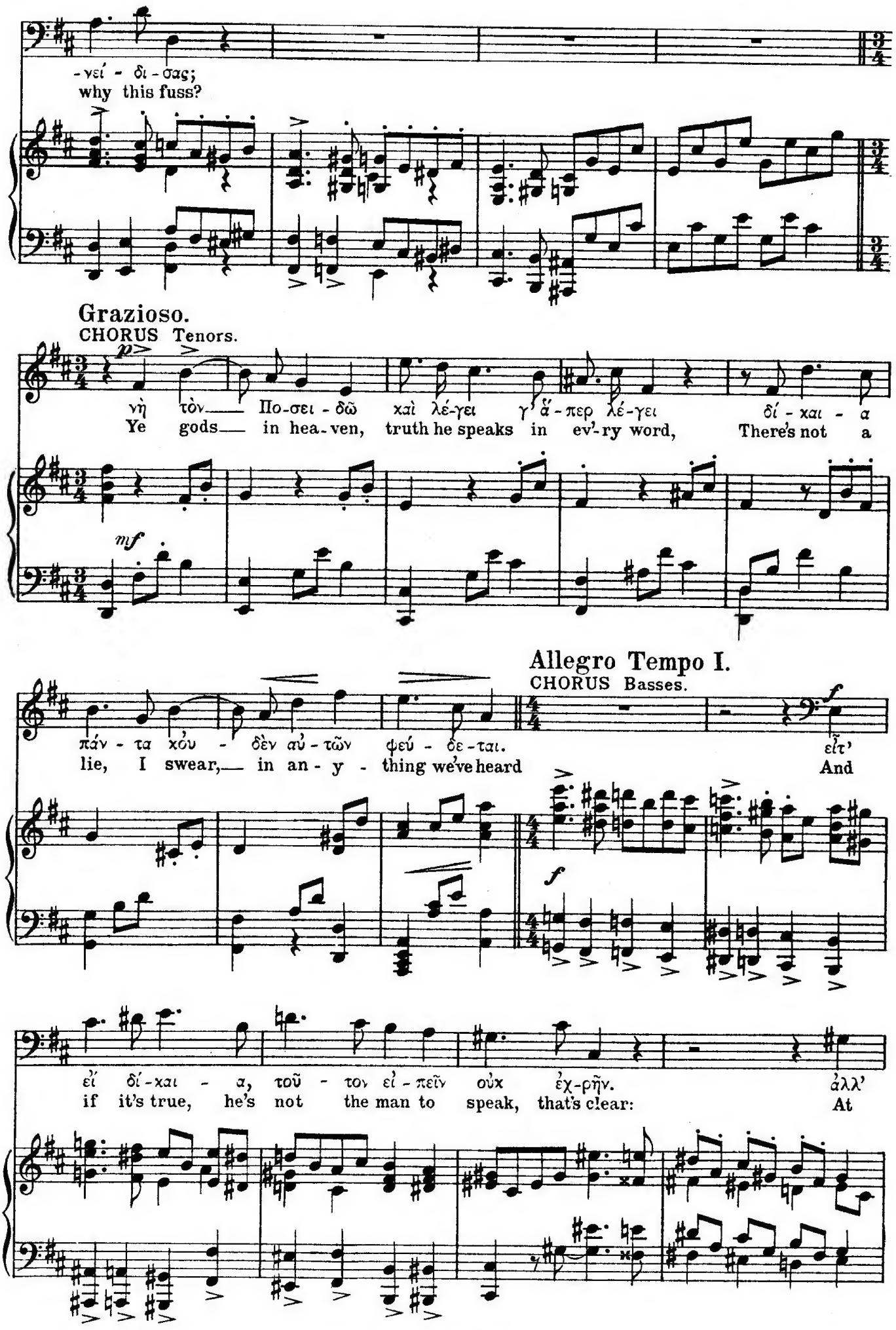


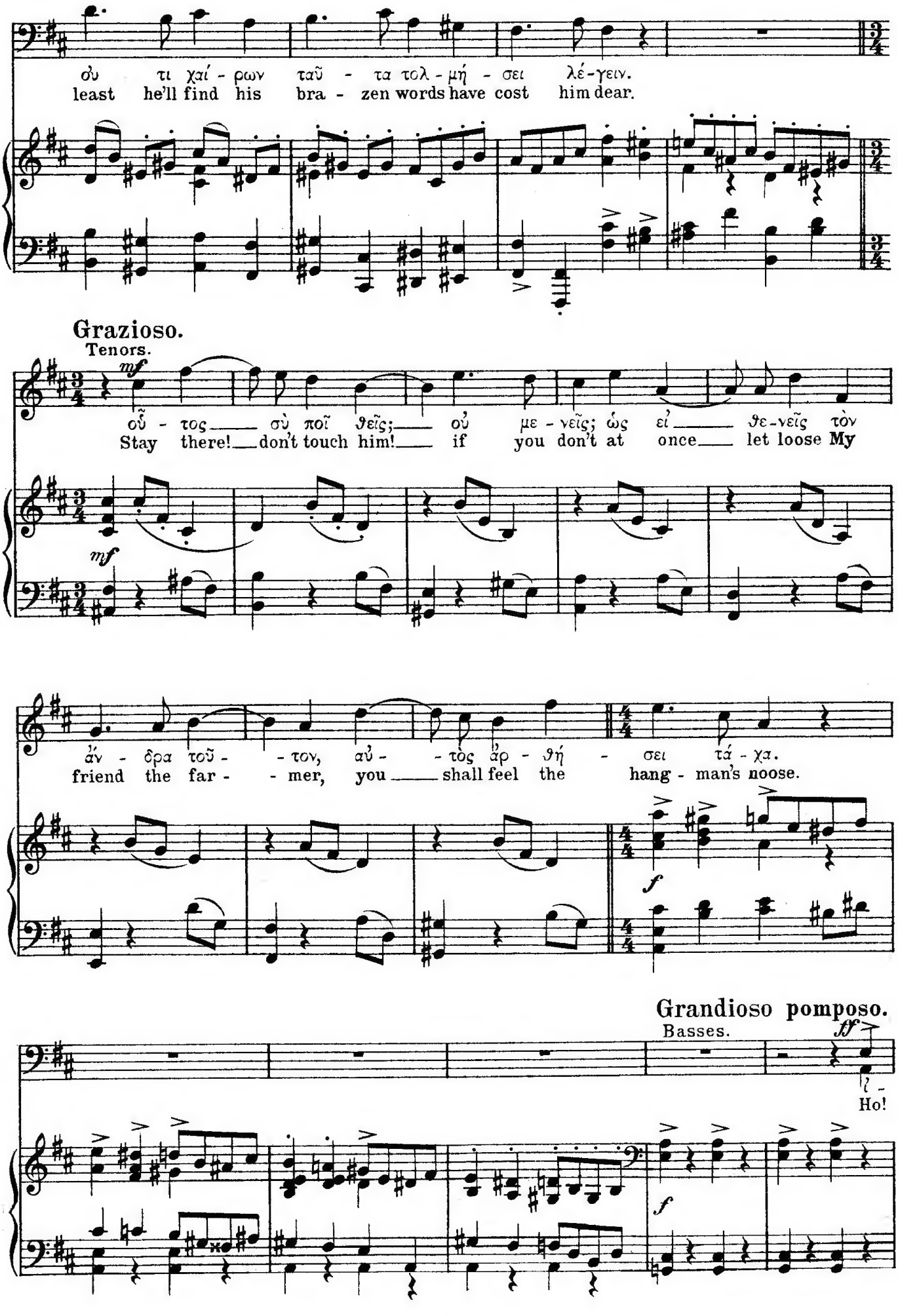

τις παρ-ασ-χὼν τῇ πό-λει τὸν αὐ-χέ-να
sight of all up - on the block lay down your head,
ἅ - πα - σι μέλλεις εἷς λέγειν τἀ-
And what you have to say with courage
mf rit.
dim.
ναν-τί-α.
be it said.
ἀ-νὴρ οὐ τρέμει τὸ πρᾶγμ'
Now since you've no terror, Come
εἶ-α νυν ἐ-
let us know with-
mf
cresc.
-πει - δή-περ αὐ - τος
out chance of er - ror
αἰ-ρεῖ , λέ-γε.
What you've to show.
p
νυν ἐ-πει - δή-περ αὐ - τος αἰ ρεῖ , λέ-γε.
know without chance of er - ror What you've to show.
tempo
rit.
p

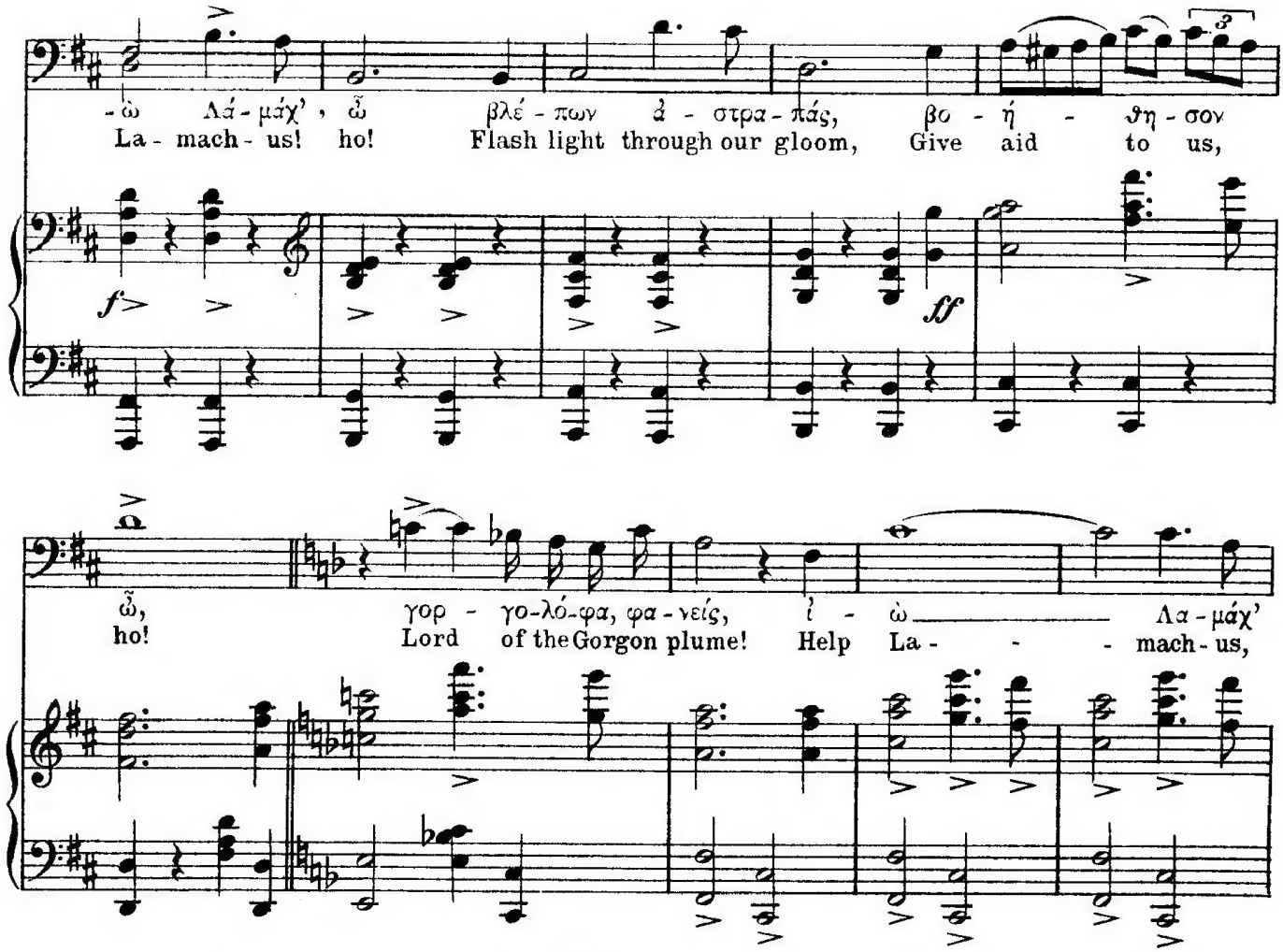
VII. Chorus.

Line 557.

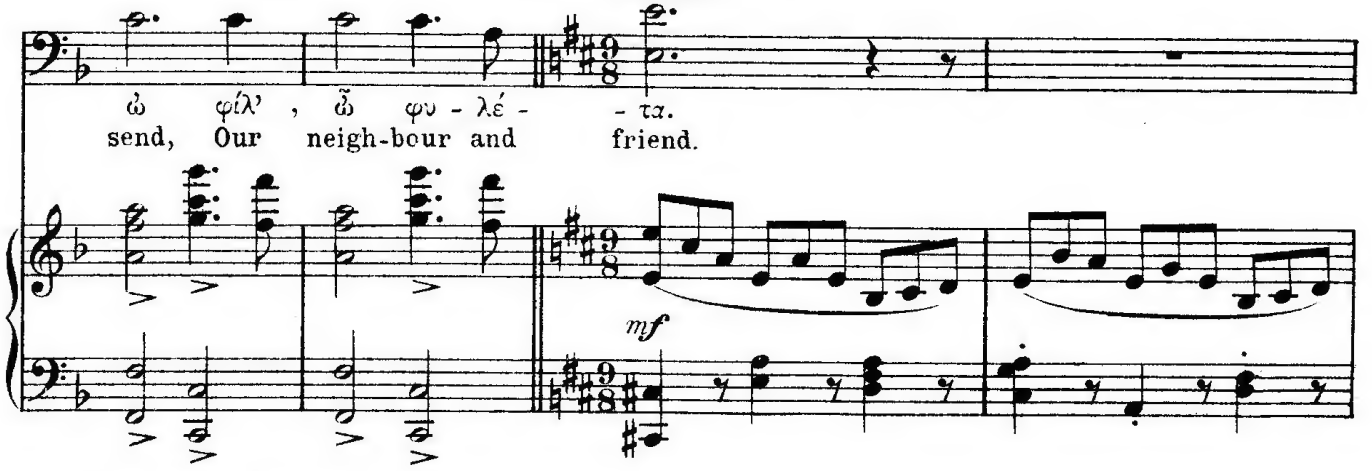



-νεί - δι - σας;
why this fuss?
Grazioso.
CHORUS Tenors.
p
νὴ τὸν Πο-σει - δῶ χαὶ λέ-γει γ' ἅ - περ λέ-γει δί - χαι - α
Ye gods in hea-ven, truth he speaks in ev'-ry word, There's not a
mf
Allegro Tempo I.
CHORUS Basses.
πάν - τα χού - δὲν αὐ - τῶν φεύ - δε - ται.
lie, I swear, in an - y - thing we've heard
f
εἰτ'
And
εἰ δί - χαι - α, τοῦ - τον εἰ - πεῖν οὐχ ἑχ-ρῆν.
if it's true, he's not the man to speak, that's clear:
ἀλλ'
At

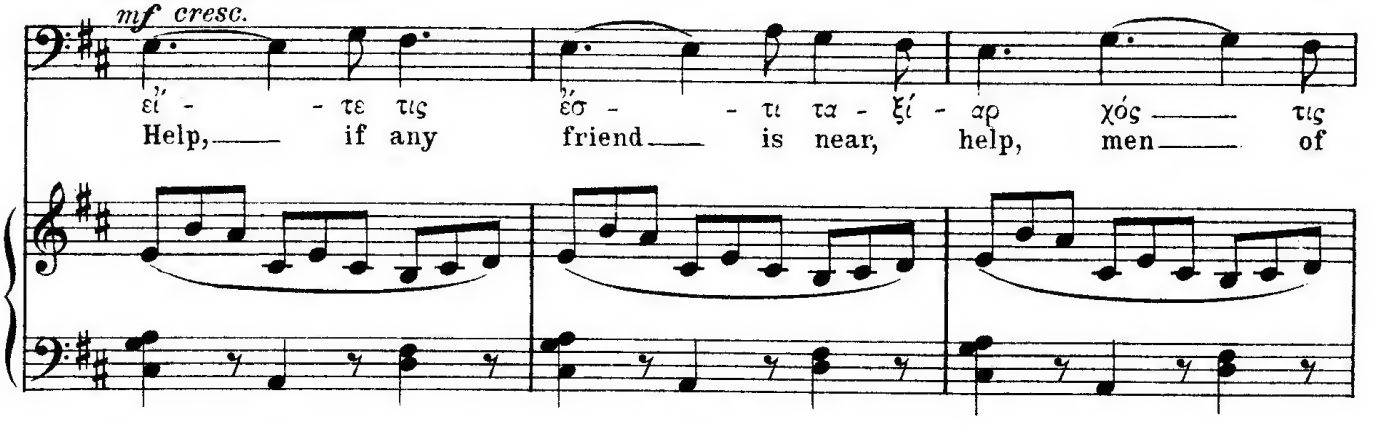

οὐ τι χαί - ρων ταῦ - τα τολ - μή - σει λέ-γειν.
least he'll find his bra - zen words have cost him dear.
Grazioso.
Tenors.
mf
οὗ - τος σὺ ποῖ θεῖς; οὐ με - νεῖς; ὡς εἰ θε-νεῖς τὸν
Stay there! don't touch him! if you don't at once let loose My
mf
ἄν - δρα τοῦ - τον, αὐ - τὸς ἀρ - θή - σει τά - χα.
friend the far - mer, you shall feel the hang - man's noose.
f
Grandioso pomposo.
Basses.
ff
Ho!
f

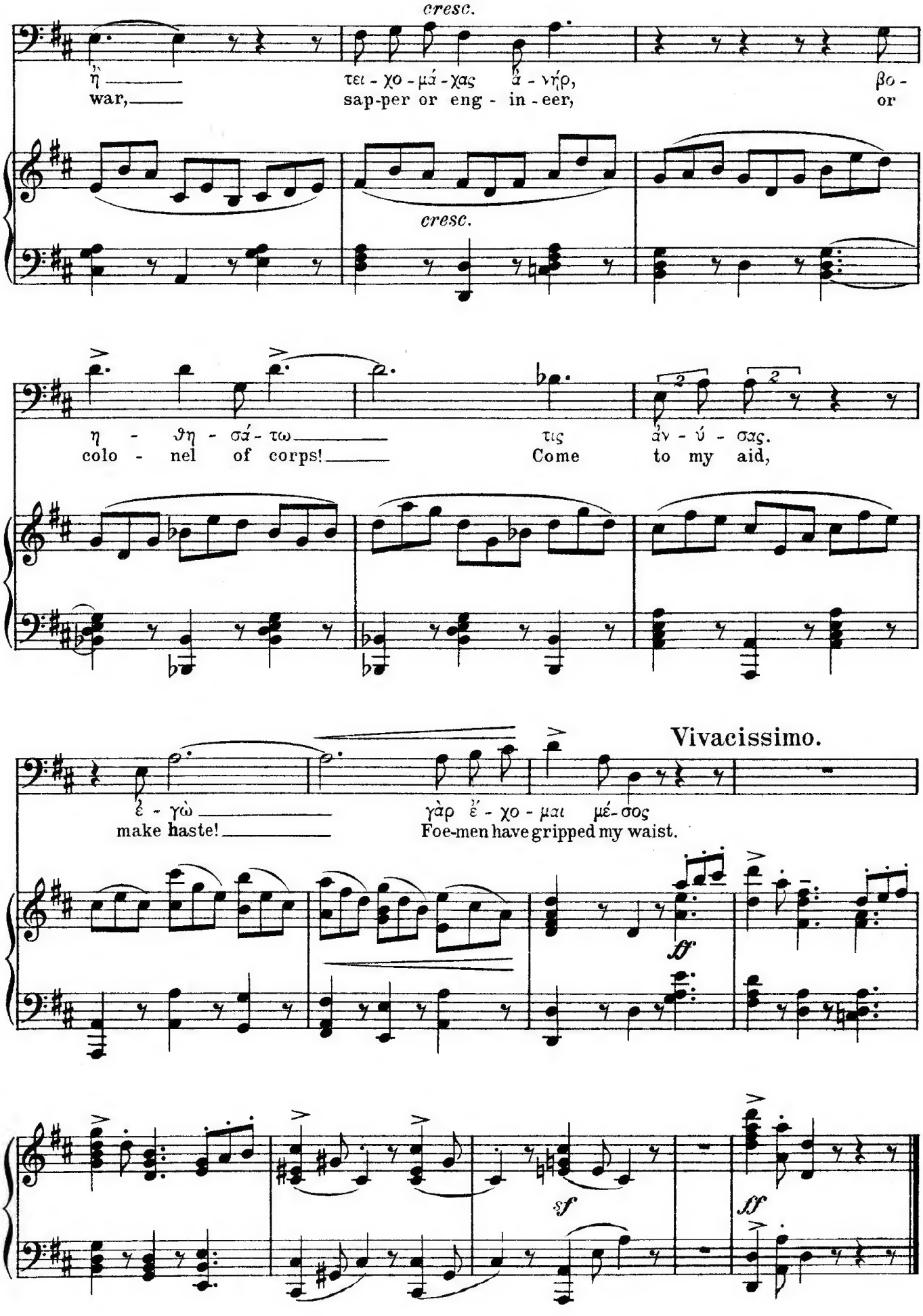


Vivace.



Tenors and Basses.

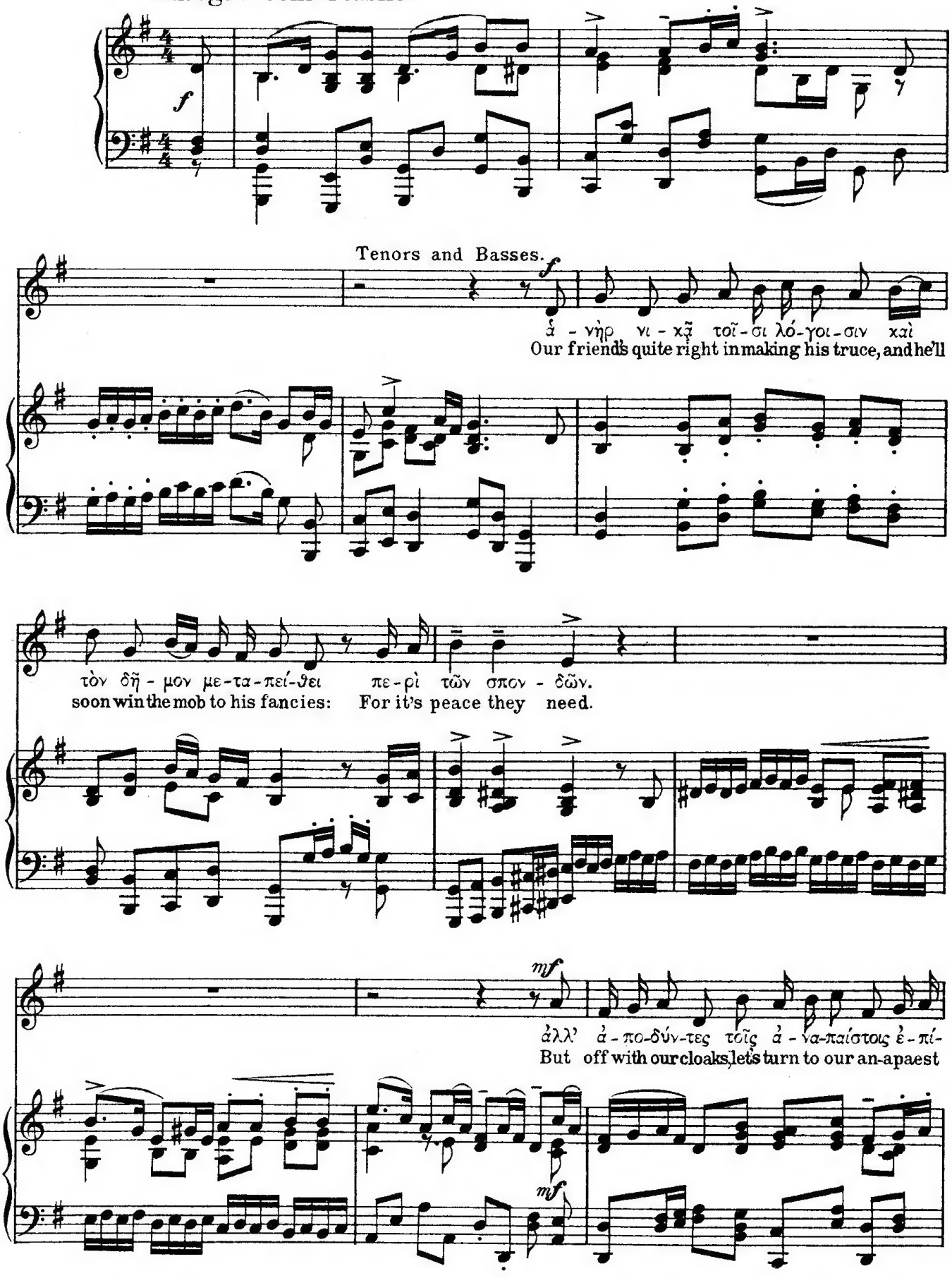


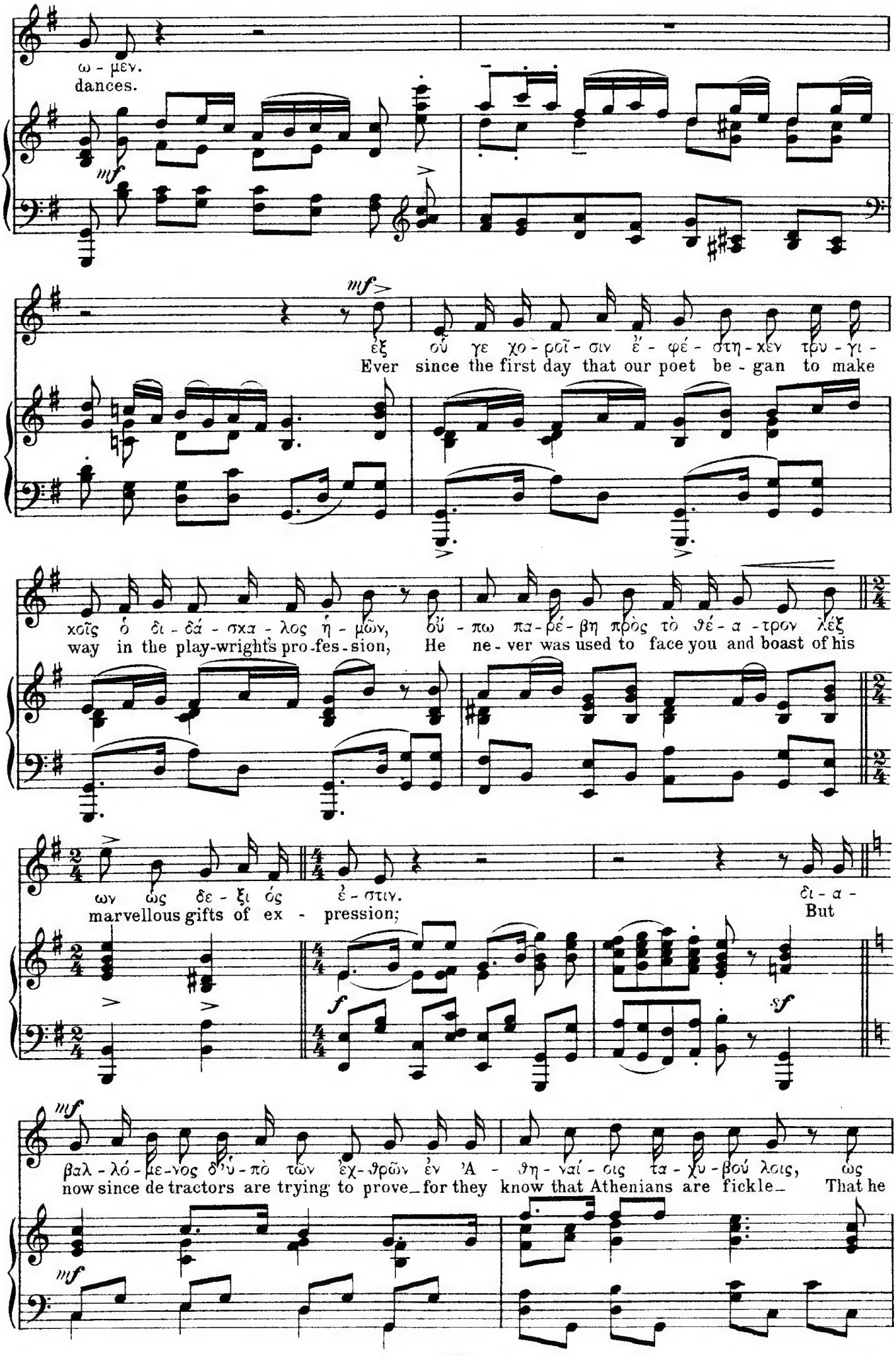

cresc.
ἦ
τει - χο - μά - χας ἀ - νήρ,
βο -
war,
sap-per or eng - in - eer,
or
cresc.
η - ϑη - σά - τω
τις
ἀν - ύ - σας.
colo - nel of corps!
Come
to my aid,
Vivacissimo.
ἐ - γὼ
γὰρ ἔ - χο - μαι μέ - σος
make haste!
Foe-men have gripped my waist.
ff
sf
ff

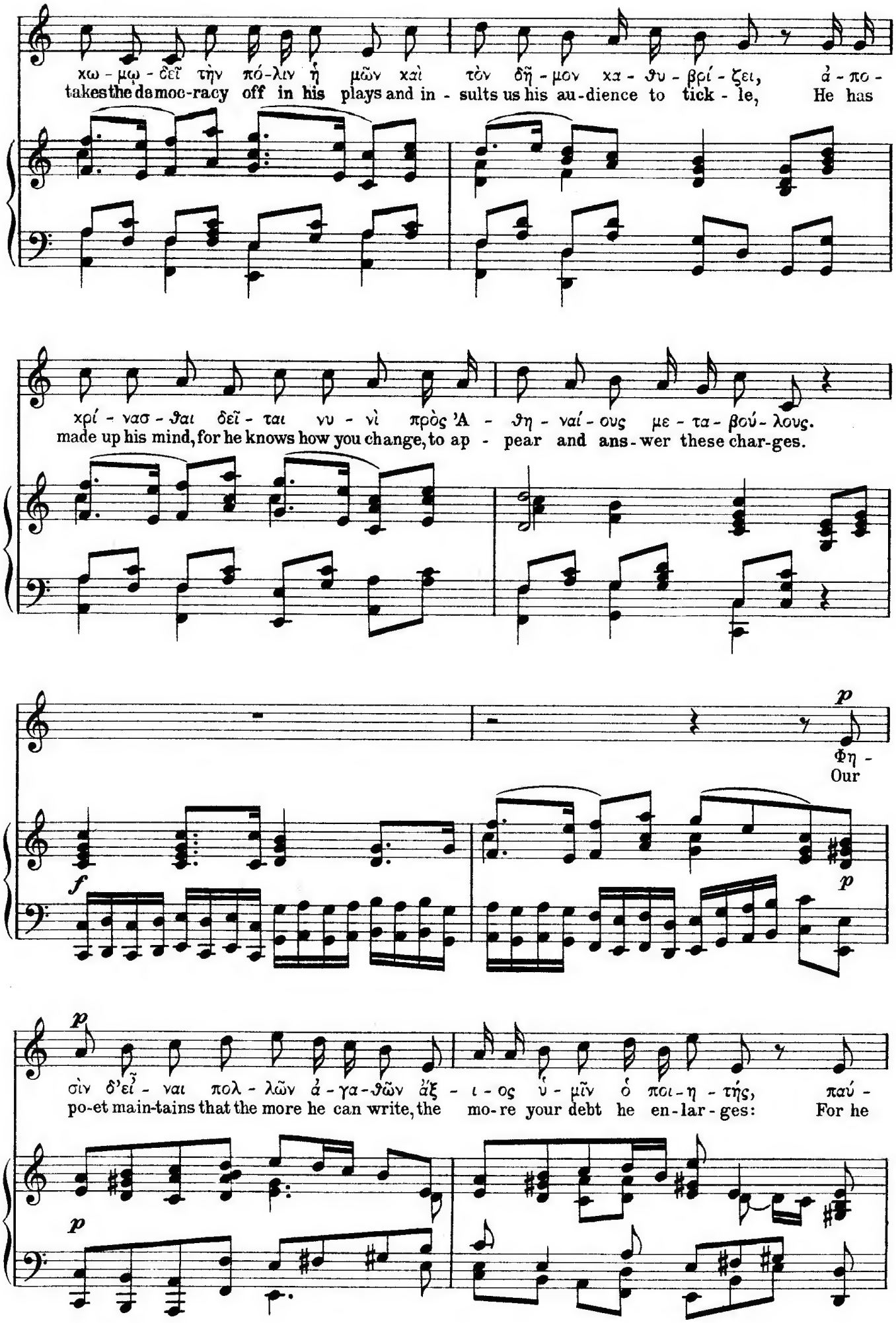
VIII. Chorus.

Parabasis line 626.

Allegro confortabile.




ω - μεν.
dances.
mf
mf
ἐξ οὗ γε χο - ροῖ - σιν ἐ - φέ - στη - κεν τρυ - γι -
Ever since the first day that our poet be - gan to make
χοῖς ὁ δι - δά - σκα - λος ἡ - μῶν, οὔ - πω πα - ρέ - βη πρὸς τὸ θέ - α - τρον λέξ
way in the play-wright's pro-fes-sion, He ne - ver was used to face you and boast of his
ων ὡς δε - ξι ός ἐ - στιν. δι - α -
marvellous gifts of ex - pression; But
f
sf
mf
βαλ - λό - με - νος δ' ὑ - πὸ τῶν ἐχ - θρῶν ἐν Ἀ - θη - ναί - οις τα - χυ - βού λοις, ὡς
now since de tractors are trying to prove_ for they know that Athenians are fickle_ That he
mf

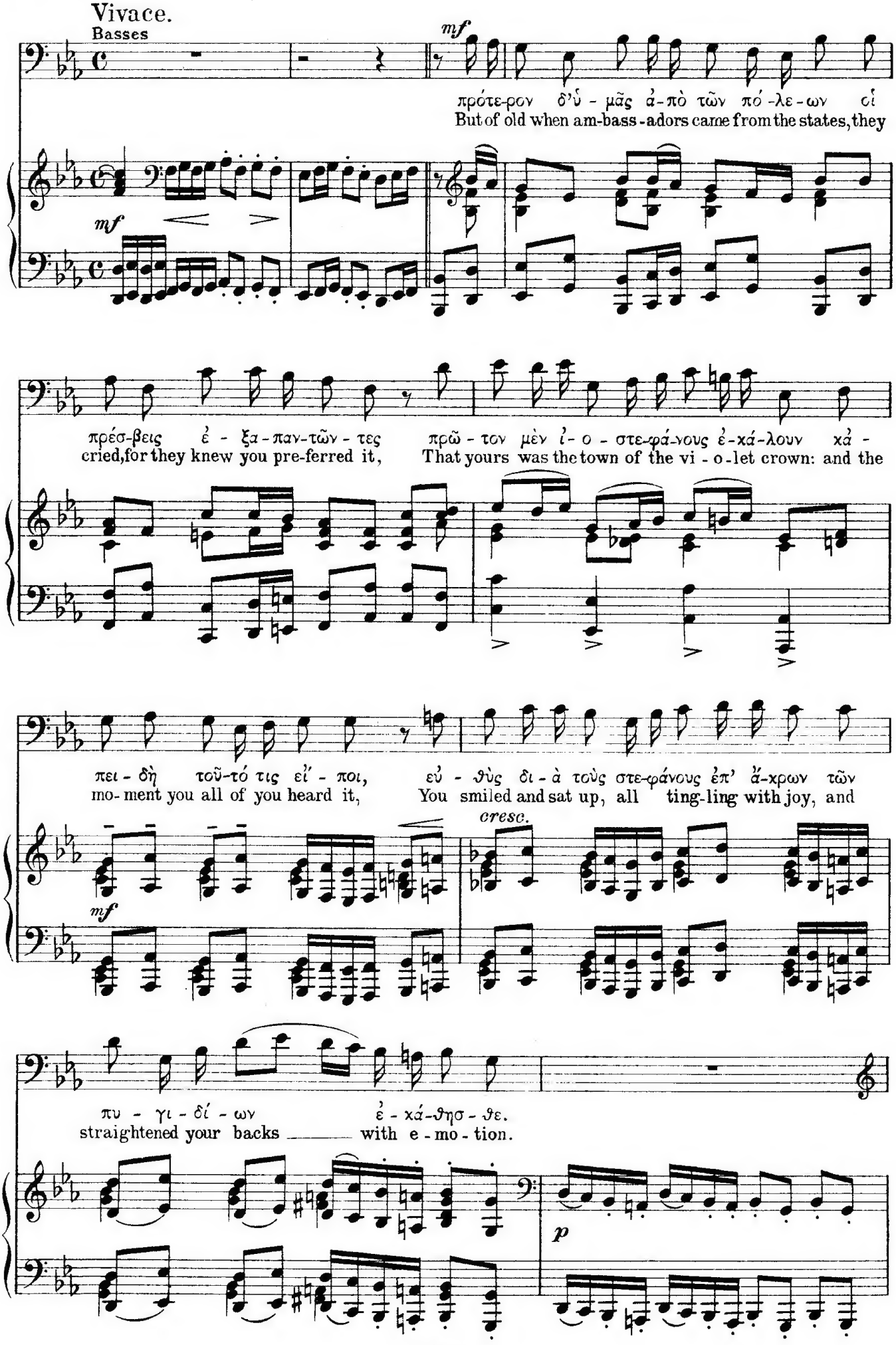

χω - μῳ - δεῖ τὴν πό-λιν ἡ μῶν καὶ τὸν δῆ - μον κα - θυ - βρί - ζει, ἀ - πο -
takes the de moc-racy off in his plays and in - sults us his au-dience to tick - le, He has
χρί - νασ - θαι δεῖ - ται νυ - νὶ πρὸς Ἀ - θη - ναί - ους με - τα - βού - λους.
made up his mind, for he knows how you change, to ap - pear and ans - wer these char-ges.
p
Φη -
Our
f
p
p
σὶν δ'εἶ - ναι πολ - λῶν ἀ - γα - θῶν ἄξ - ι - ος ὑ - μῖν ὁ ποι - η - τής, παύ -
po-et main-tains that the more he can write, the mo-re your debt he en-lar-ges: For he
p

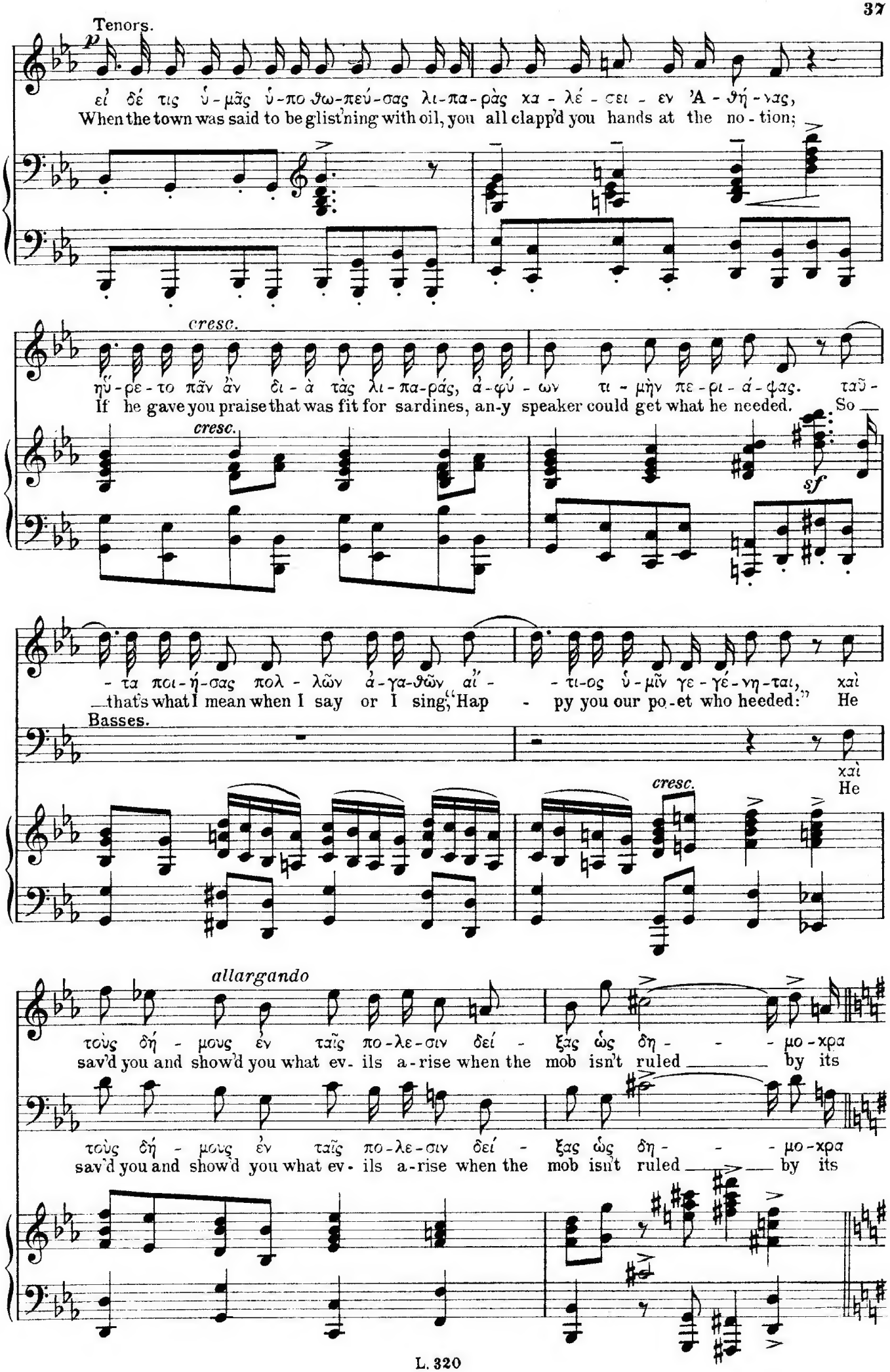
σας ὑ - μᾶς ξε - νι - χοῖ - σι λό - γοις μὴ λί - αν ἐ - ξα - πα - τᾶσ - θαι,
saves you all from be - ing de ceived by the flattering words of the stranger;

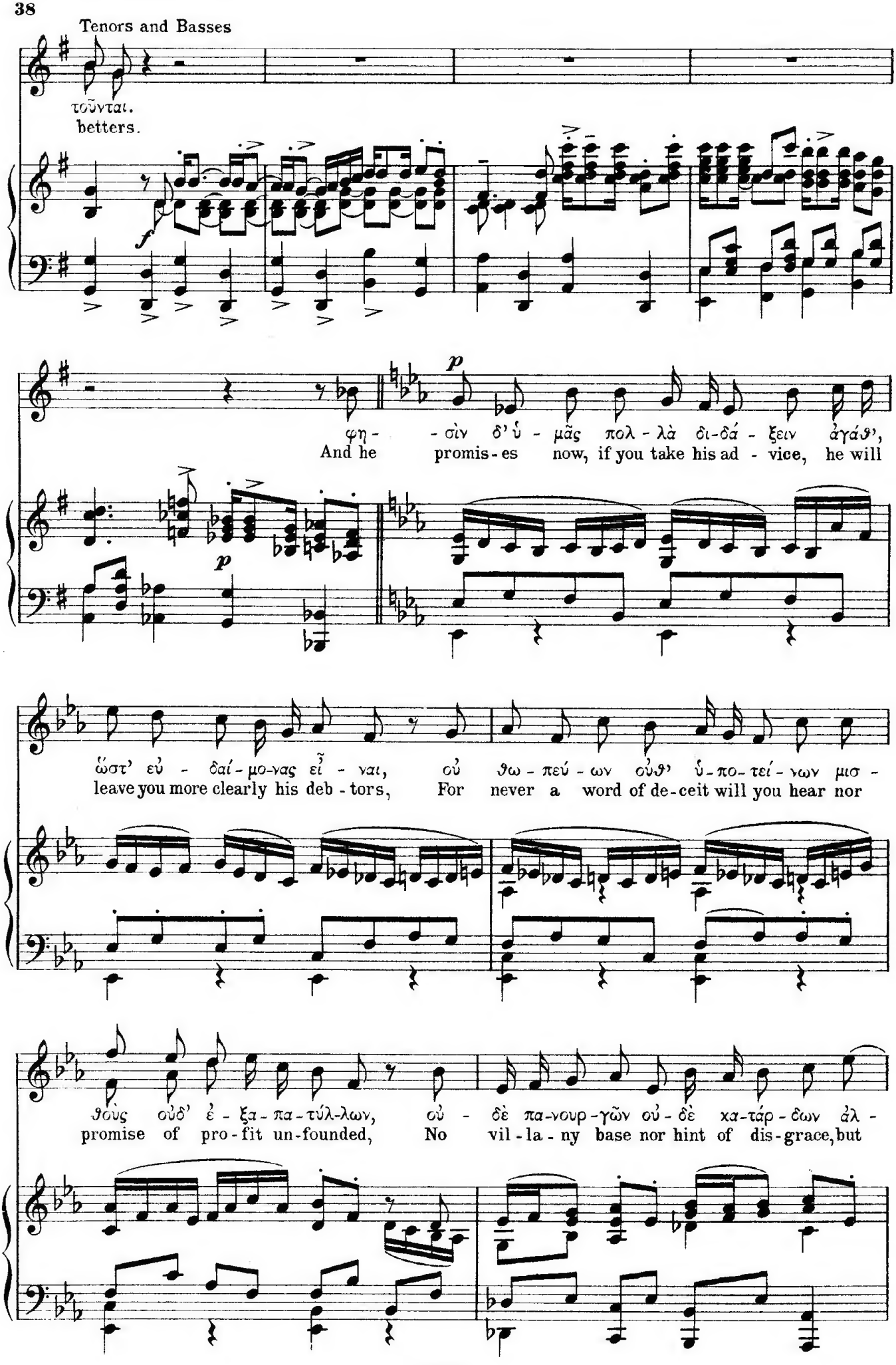
Grazioso.

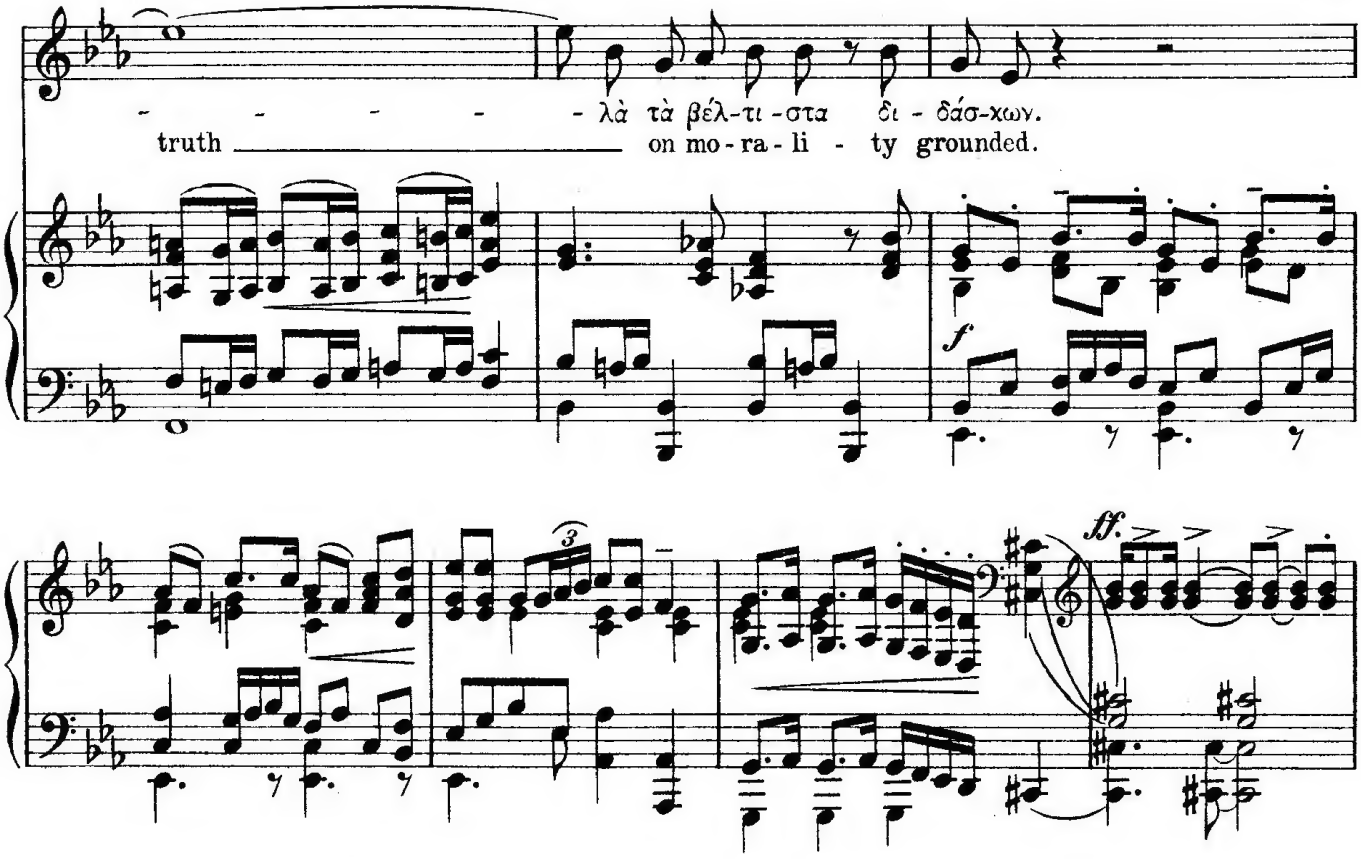
μήδ' ἤ - δεσ - θαι θω - πευ - - ο - μέ - νους μήδ'
He won't let you hear smooth talk or be taught to

εἶ - ναι χαυ - νο - πο - λί - τας.
shut your eyes to your dan - ger.

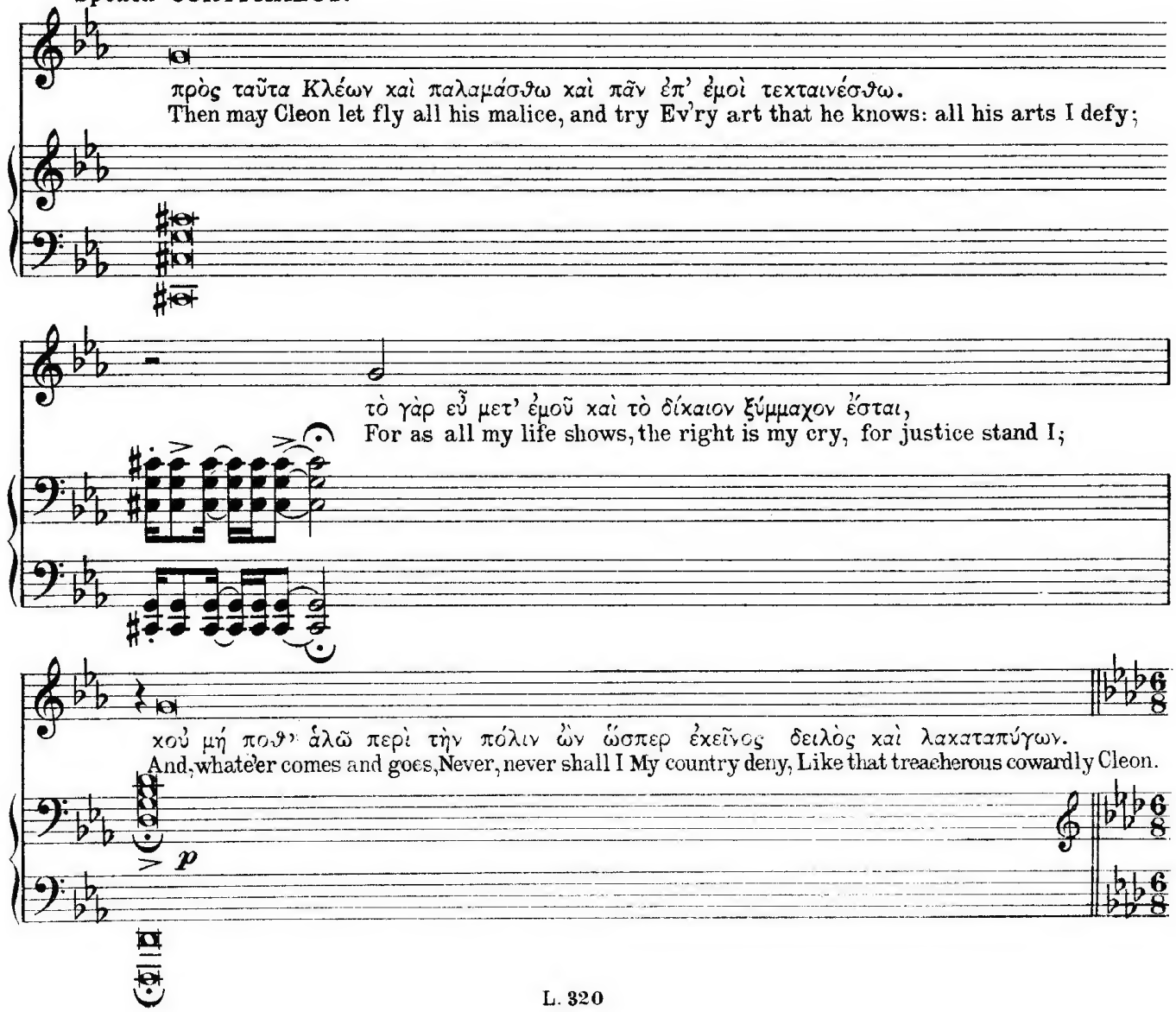

Vivace.
Basses
mf
πρότε-ρον δ'ὑ - μᾶς ἀ-πὸ τῶν πό-λε-ων οἱ
But of old when am-bass-adors came from the states, they
mf
πρέσ-βεις ἐ - ξα-παν-τῶν - τες πρῶ - τον μὲν ἰ- ο - στε-φά-νους ἐ-χά-λουν χἀ -
cried, for they knew you pre-ferred it, That yours was the town of the vi - o-let crown: and the
πει - δὴ τοῦ-τό τις εἴ - ποι, εὐ - θὺς δι - ὰ τοὺς στε-φάνους ἐπ' ἄ-χρων τῶν
mo- ment you all of you heard it, You smiled and sat up, all ting-ling with joy, and
cresc.
mf
πυ - γι - δί - ων ἐ - χά-θη σ - θε.
straightened your backs with e - mo - tion.
p

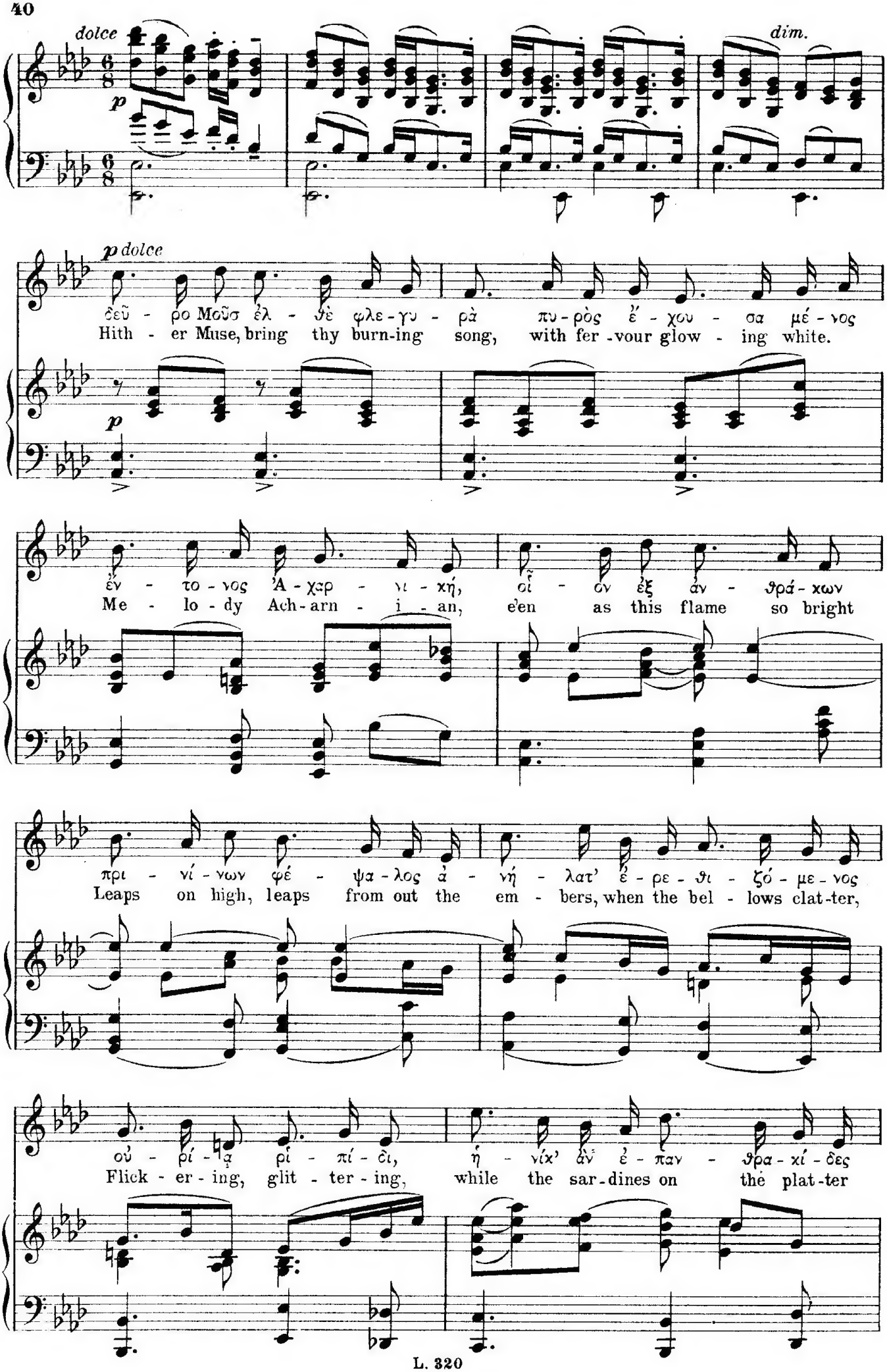

Tenors.
p
εἰ δέ τις ὑ-μᾶς ὑ-πο ϑω-πεύ-σας λι-πα-ρὰς κα - λέ - σει - εν Ἀ - ϑή - ναις,
When the town was said to be glist'ning with oil, you all clapp'd you hands at the no - tion;
cresc.
ηὗ-ρε-το πᾶν ἂν δι-ὰ τὰς λι-πα-ράς, ἀ-φύ - ων τι - μὴν πε-ρι-ά-ψας. ταῦ -
If he gave you praise that was fit for sardines, an-y speaker could get what he needed. So
cresc.
sf
- τα ποι-ή-σας πολ - λῶν ἀ-γα-ϑῶν αἴ - - τι-ος ὑ-μῖν γε-γέ-νη-ται, καὶ
that's what I mean when I say or I sing, "Hap - py you our po-et who heeded:" He
Basses.
καὶ
He
cresc.
allargando
τοὺς δή - μους ἐν ταῖς πο-λε-σιν δεί - ξας ὡς δη - - - μο-κρα
sav'd you and show'd you what ev- ils a-rise when the mob isn't ruled by its
τοὺς δή - μους ἐν ταῖς πο-λε-σιν δεί - ξας ὡς δη - - - μο-κρα
sav'd you and show'd you what ev- ils a-rise when the mob isn't ruled by its

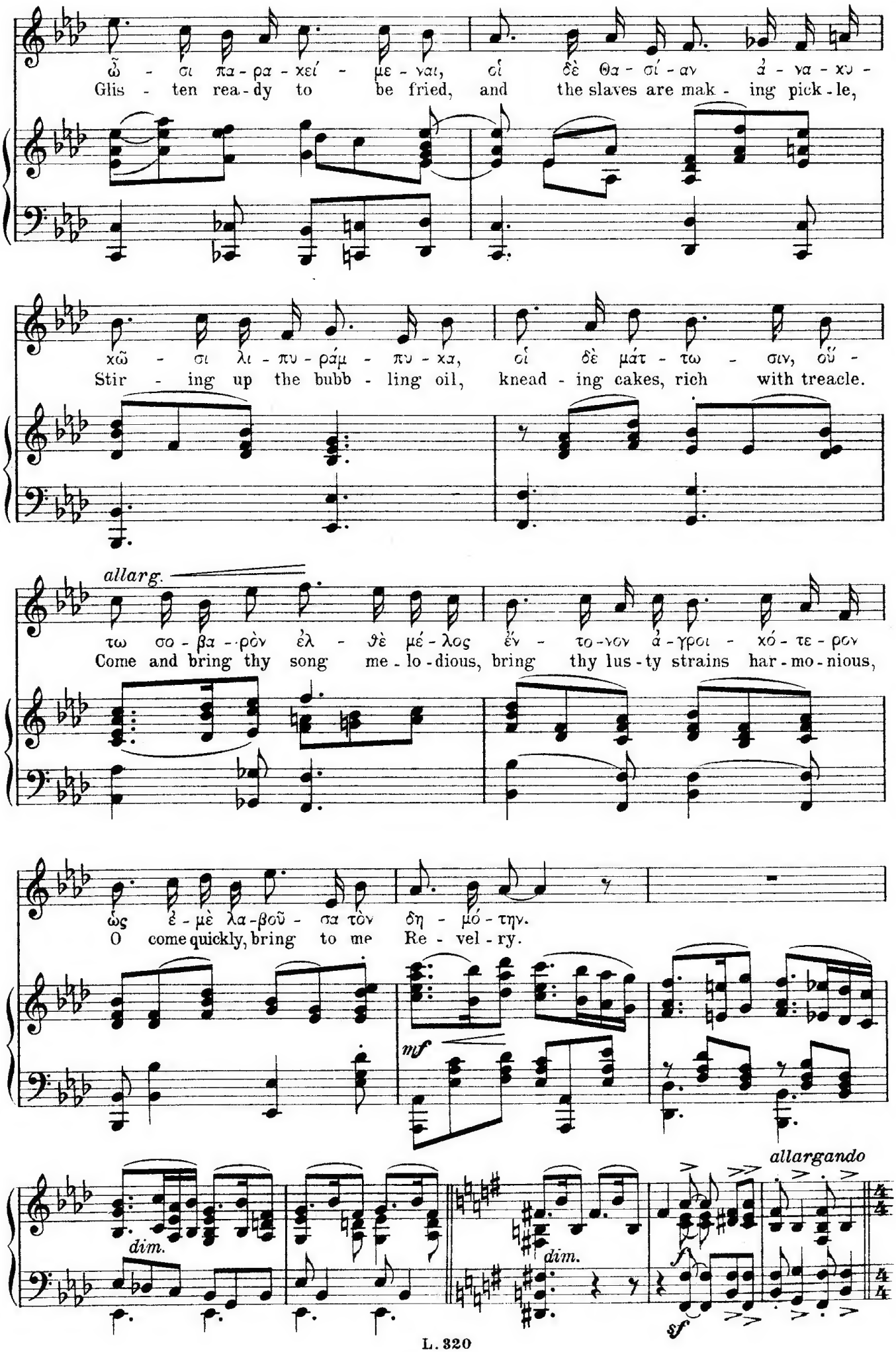

Tenors and Basses
τοῦνται.
betters.
φη- - σὶν δ' ὑ - μᾶς πολ - λὰ δι-δά - ξειν ἀγάθ',
And he promis-es now, if you take his ad - vice, he will
ὥστ' εὐ - δαί-μο-νας εἶ - ναι, οὐ θω - πεύ - ων οὐθ' ὑ-πο-τεί - νων μισ -
leave you more clearly his deb - tors, For never a word of de-ceit will you hear nor
θοὺς οὐδ' ἐ - ξα - πα - τύλ-λων, οὐ - δὲ πα-νουρ-γῶν οὐ - δὲ κα-τάρ - δων ἀλ -
promise of pro-fit un-founded, No vil - la - ny base nor hint of dis-grace, but



Spoken CORYPHAEUS.




dolce
dim.
p dolce
δεῦ - ρο Μοῦσ ἐλ - θὲ φλε - γυ - ρὰ πυ - ρὸς ἔ - χου - σα μέ - νος
Hith - er Muse, bring thy burn-ing song, with fer - vour glow - ing white.
ἔν - το - νος Ἀ - χαρ - νι - κή, οἷ - ον ἐξ ἀν - θρά - χων
Me - lo - dy Ach - arn - i - an, e'en as this flame so bright
πρι - νί - νων φέ - ψα - λος ἀ - νή - λατ' ἐ - ρε - θι - ζό - με - νος
Leaps on high, leaps from out the em - bers, when the bel - lows clat - ter,
οὐ - ρί - ᾳ ῥί - πί - ζι, ἡ - νίχ' ἁν' ἐ - παν - θρα - κί - δες
Flick - er - ing, glit - ter - ing, while the sar - dines on the plat - ter


ὦ - σι πα - ρα - χεί - με - ναι, οἱ δὲ Θα - σί - αν ἀ - να - χυ -
Glis - ten rea - dy to be fried, and the slaves are mak - ing pick - le,
χῶ - σι λι - πυ - ράμ - πυ - χα, οἱ δὲ μάτ - τω - σιν, οὗ -
Stir - ing up the bubb - ling oil, knead - ing cakes, rich with treacle.
allarg.
τω σο - βα - ρὸν ἐλ - θὲ μέ - λος ἔν - το - νον ἀ - γροι - χό - τε - ρον
Come and bring thy song me - lo - dious, bring thy lus - ty strains har - mo - nious,
ὡς ἐ - μὲ λα - βοῦ - σα τὸν δη - μό - την.
O come quickly, bring to me Re - vel - ry.
mf
dim.
dim.
allargando
f
sf